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The Seizure of Austria

Hitler's seizure of Austria has provided the stormiest week in international affairs since the Great War. Schuschnigg's despairing cry, "we have yielded to force," was echoed around the world as thousands of German troops poured across the border. The moment of crisis found France without a government. Léon Blum first tried unsuccessfully to form a National Union Cabinet, and then managed to create a Popular Front government. France strengthened her resolution to aid Czechoslovakia in case of attack, and sought assurance from Britain for support in the event of such a necessity. Britain, which had announced a few days earlier that never again would she send a large army to the Continent, made a strong protest to Berlin, as did France. The insolent rejection of these protests produced deep indignation.

Britain is not yet rearmed, and will take no decisive action until she is. Nevertheless, as Chamberlain's speech showed, Hitler's victory may prove a major disaster to him. He has shocked and alienated those elements in the British Cabinet that were friendly. Van Ribbentrop has gone home, all but booed out of London. Chamberlain is hinting at conscription if necessary, to meet the new threat. As for Italy, it is clear that Hitler's action is the bitterest pill that ever passed Mussolini's lips. He is powerless, however, having spent his resources in Ethiopia and Spain. The powers have swallowed, without decisive resistance, another act of aggression; they will do nothing about Austria. But the chance that they will not permit further steps is greatly strengthened.

One Thing to Watch

Though the world has accepted perforce the German coup in Austria, there is one point in respect to which attempted intervention is still possible. That is vigorous protest against the conventional Nazi program of brutality and suppression. In Austria Jews are much more numerous and play a far more important part in the national life than they did in Germany. A larger proportion of the industrial wage-earners were convinced and militant Socialists, who will not so easily submit to authority as did the German Social Democrats. Catholics, too, play a much more important role than in more northerly Germanic states. In so far as the Nazis represent a dictatorial regime rather than merely German nationalism in its broader aspects, they are virtually in the situation of conquerors dealing with a subject population. It would be easy, on the basis of their old habits, to decide that two-thirds of the Austrian people must be sent to concentration camps. Moderation would be a wise policy from their own point of view. Certainly other nations have a right to speak in no uncertain terms if Hitler does not see fit to restrain his young cohorts of sadists.

Spain: The German Invasion

On March 11, Franco opened his big drive to the sea. By March 13, he had taken Belchite; by March 15, his troops were in the important road junction of

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Alcañiz, after an advance of more than forty miles that carried them halfway to the Mediterranean. If they reach it, Catalonia will be cut off from the rest of Spain and Franco will have won the war. The situation is roughly comparable to that in February, 1937, when Franco was attacking on the Jarama front and the Italians were preparing their big push toward Guadalajara. This time again the Loyalists are rushing up reinforcements and trying to form new lines of defense, but so far they have not been able to make a stand. Their prospects are getting blacker day by day.

After an Italian phase that lasted for more than a year, the war has entered a German phase. It is material rather than manpower that has enabled Franco to make his advance, and the material is German—tanks, field artillery, anti-aircraft guns and planes of the latest models. The new armament began to enter Spain in January, just after the Loyalist offensive at Teruel. According to information received by the Spanish government, it included eight squadrons of Heinkel 111 large bombers, eight squadrons of Messerschmidt 109 pursuit planes (faster than anything shipped from Russia), two squadrons of Heinkel 51's and two squadrons of DO 17 reconnaissance planes aided by a Heinkel 45 patrol, all with German pilots and German commanders. Hitler has been fighting an undeclared war on two fronts, Austrian and Spanish. The Loyalists, with their backs to the sea, are defending their country not only against an Italian army but against the German air force.

Hush Hush and the Whitney Case

Some unpleasant rumors are in circulation dealing with the case of Richard Whitney, former president of the New York Stock Exchange, whose firm went bankrupt, under malodorous circumstances, last week (the case is discussed by Mr. John T. Flynn on page 193 of this issue). It is being said that every effort will be made to bring the affair to an end at once, and to hush the matter up as much as possible, in the interest of "confidence." The public must not have its faith destroyed in sacred Wall Street, which Mr. Whitney so long defended with such scornful contempt of those who asked unpleasant questions. We hope this plan, if it exists, will fail. The public, which has been carefully taught to believe that the stock market is now under federal supervision and therefore impregnable, will want to know a great deal more than merely that Mr. Whitney pled guilty to grand larceny of securities valued at $105,000. It would be interesting to learn, for instance, whether it is true that Mr. Whitney's difficulties were known to insiders for many months, although no action was taken. It would be still more interesting to trace down the rumors that the amounts of money involved are very much larger than any public report has suggested. Finally, the public would like to have some comment from Stock Exchange officials, in view of the fact that they have invariably resisted all efforts at public regulation with the defense that the Exchange adequately polices its own members.

Somebody Thinks of People

While rumors of wars, armaments and conquests permeated the atmosphere of our Capital City, a group of one hundred scientists, scholars, engineers, government officials and publicists gathered recently in a small conference room for the purpose of discussing the conservation and development of our human resources. The purpose of this conference was not to formulate a program of action but rather to determine whether or not a group of diversified specialists could focus their attention upon a single domestic problem. Those who attended report an unusual degree of success. Human resources were discussed from the point of view of genetics, sociology, health, nutrition, housing, mental hygiene, birth control, education, safety, crime, war, religion and democracy. At the very outset the conferees accepted the general principle that human beings should be considered as ends and not as means; consequently the various ideologies which tend to regard human beings as instruments for the realization of some preconceived pattern of society received scant attention. The question upon which the conferees concentrated was: How may the basic needs of human beings be fulfilled? If a conclusion may be said to have emerged from these lively discussions which were not designed to force conclusions, it was this: That a synthetic rather than a fractional approach to our human problem has become imperative.

Seattle Elections

The conservative victory in the Seattle mayoralty elections has been interpreted as a crushing defeat for the political hopes of organized labor. Arthur B. Langlie, whose campaign plank was that "labor needs to clean house," beat Victor A. Meyers, the CIO candidate, by a very substantial margin at the polls. Commentators on the election's meaning have jumped to the unfair conclusion that, because of its failure in this instance, the political power of progressive unionism is very weak. They say the middle-class voters of Seattle, tired of the endless internecine labor wrangles, have demonstrated their true convictions. But before we accept this verdict, there are a number of considerations to take into account. The CIO's failure to elect a mayor in its first attempt in Seattle is not nearly so remarkable as its victory would have been. The argument that the middle class has defeated labor's challenge is spoiled by the fact that the A. F. of L.'s Dave Beck, in order to obtain the defeat of the CIO, swung the votes he controls over to the most reactionary candidate, Mayor John F. Dore. And furthermore, the CIO's clowning, band-leader candidate was hardly an inspiring standard-bearer. The Seattle election shows

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only that labor has much to learn about politics and that the split in its ranks lends power to its enemies.

Clarence Darrow

There is no reason to mourn over the death of Clarence Darrow. He lived a life as full of personal success, measured in terms of the attainment of his own ideals, as anyone could desire. His brilliant mind and his skill as an orator were directed to the defense of many unpopular causes because he knew they were right, regardless of the effect they might have on his legal career. He fought for Eugene V. Debs, Big Bill Haywood and the McNamara brothers because his heart and his whole philosophy put him on their side —on the side of labor. Sorrow over the end of so good a life has no more meaning than tears for night's fall on a complete day.

Censorship in Massachusetts

The gradual process of restricting liberty that has been going on in Massachusetts for the past several years is now fixing upon magazines and the movies, both vitally important media for the communication of ideas. Two bills are about to be presented to the legislature which would create commissions of censorship with the power to ban the sale of literature "injurious to the morals of youth" and the presentation of motion pictures that "are obscene, indecent, immoral, inhuman, sacrilegious or of such a character that their exhibition would tend to corrupt morals or incite to crime." Even if we were to accept the assumption, implicit in both these measures, that morality and honesty can be obtained through ignorance of vice and crime, we would have cause to oppose their passage. Anyone who has followed the recent legislative trends in Massachusetts and has seen the efforts of the powerful Catholic Church to stifle the ideas with which it does not agree, knows that the primary purpose of this censorship is to get rid of "red propaganda." If the political marionettes of the Church are allowed to decide what constitutes "corruption," there is no reason to suppose that they will spare any idea which conflicts radically with the official doctrine. The progress of reaction in Massachusetts moves in slow steps at present. It should be checked before it attains full stride.

And Forbid Them Not

In getting their film "The Birth of a Baby" released to the general public, the American Committee on Maternal Welfare is having bad censor trouble in New York State. The picture is a box-office smash in Minneapolis; it has the backing of all sorts of public-welfare groups; its sponsoring committee is in fact made up of representatives from fifteen national organizations, from the American Medical Association to the United States Bureau of the Census. Yet Commissioner of Education Frank P. Graves has described it as "immoral" and "indecent," forcing the ACMW to appeal its case to the New York Board of Regents. The film is a great leap in the advance of public education. In the graphic language peculiar to the motion picture it tells the complete story of gestation, focusing the biological process in the characters of a young couple, to whom are described along each step of the way the symptoms, precautions, proper care in diet, exercise, etc.—up to and including birth.

The film does not talk in surface generalities: it goes into the facts of pregnancy and childbirth in the only way it could if it is to be of any real educational use—by naming names. It is done with dignity and scrupulous taste; it is no more sensational or subversive of anything than your family doctor; and its sponsors are controlling distribution by the most rigid and foolproof set of precautions ever devised—they specify the admission scale, the type of theatre and surrounding program (it cannot be double-billed) and advertising. In view of which, Commissioner Graves's choice of words reveals a curious habit of mind. To anything but a dark psychic labyrinth, the quiet serious treatment of so monstrous, universal and terrifying an experience can be no more incentive to lust than a plate of lamb kidneys or a motor-car accident. It is suggested to the Board of Regents and Boards everywhere that if there is anything objectionable to them in this advance of public knowledge over old wives' gossip and criminal ignorance, their quarrel is with the disease and not the cure.

Bouquet from L.S.S.

We have been going around for days now in a glow of not-too-modest consciousness of our own superiority. This strange alteration from our usual modesty is the fault of the League for Speeding Spending, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The League has sent us a free copy of "When Capital Goes on Strike," by Arthur Dahlberg, Ph.D. (Harper and Brothers, $2.50.) They have also written us a letter about the book, and it is their epistle that is making us look so much more pouter-pigeonish than usual. "You have been commended to us," says the League a little coyly, "as a dynamic person, vitally interested in industrial recovery, who understands something about the relation of money to business cycles. . . ." Why, League for Speeding Spending, we had no idea you were so eagle-eyed . . . so intuitive . . . so understanding. Here all this time we have been feeling like a misunderstood dynamic person, a jeered-at dynamic person, a scornfully repudiated dynamic person. And now you come along, and with a single letter set the world right. We have only one regret: this missive, discerning beyond words, was a printed one. There may be enough dynamic students of business cycles, interested in recovery, to justify a printed letter, but we hate to admit it. It makes us feel like watered stock. Dear L.S.S., can't

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you next time write it in ink? Or with typewriter facsimile? Or at the very least, on the mimeograph?

News Notes of a Week

The most recent Moscow trials followed the course we predicted a fortnight ago that they would. Supporters of the present government defended the trials zealously; opponents were equally zealous in denunciation. Confessions of guilt were for the most part abject and complete. Eighteen of the twenty-one defendants were sentenced to be executed, and the other three, Rakovsky, Pletnev and Bessonov were given sentences of fifteen, twenty and twenty-five years. . . . In China, the difficulties of the Japanese army became steadily more serious. The guerilla tactics of the Chinese, aided by almost impossible conditions of transport, caused the Japanese to bog down, particularly in Shansi Province.

In the United States, the AAA referendum asking farmers whether they approved of enforced crop control resulted, according to preliminary reports, in an overwhelming affirmative vote. . . . Debate began in the House on the emergency naval bill, with its opponents vigorously insisting that no such vast expenditures are required if we intend to maintain a defensive armament only. It was said in Washington that the United States will invoke the escalator clause of the London Naval Treaty of 1936, and will build battleships larger than 35,000 tons and, probably, cruisers larger than 10,000. . . . The California State Assembly reversed all precedent by voting for freedom for Tom Mooney after his twenty-two years' imprisonment as a victim of class injustice. The State Senate stuck to normal procedure and voted down the proposal. Mooney's best hope still appears to be the Supreme Court, before which his case will soon come.

Hitler's Worst Blunder

So many crises have passed over the face of Europe during the past four years that it takes a peculiarly grave one to create the impression of anything unexpected or unusual. That Hitler's forcible seizure of Austria did make this impression is obvious in the dispatches from London, Paris and Rome. Yet the explanation for its undoubted gravity is a little obscure, in any historical view of events. Why does this particular affair seem really to be a turning point in the fate of a continent?

The idea of *Anschluss* between Germany and Austria is an old one; it has been discussed ever since the last war, and during the days of the German Republic it was looked upon with favor by a majority of Austrians themselves. Hitler proclaimed loudly his intention in the matter long before he ever came to power; it has been understood by all political commentators to be one of the first items of his agenda as soon as he was able to act. This was the obvious purpose of the infiltration of the Nazi movement into Austria, and of the attempted Nazi *Putsch* which murdered Dollfuss. France disliked *Anschluss*, to be sure, but her power to prevent it depended on coöperation from Mussolini or England or both. Mussolini did act at the time of the *Putsch*, but since then it has become perfectly clear that his power or inclination to continue the role of watchdog for Vienna has been inhibited by the dispersal of his military forces in Africa and Spain and by his association with Hitler in the Rome-Berlin axis. England, moreover, even while Anthony Eden was Foreign Minister, declined to offer any definite guarantees of the independence of Austria, or of action of any sort concerning Hitler's possible aggression in eastern or southeastern Europe. Chamberlain's expressed intention to come to terms with Germany and his explicit desertion of the League sanctions system underlined this attitude of disinterest.

Furthermore, the conference between Hitler and Schuschnigg at Berchtesgaden several weeks ago was at first interpreted as being the prelude to the end of Austria's independence. It had generally been expected that to obtain freedom of action for the Austrian Nazis, plus their participation in the government, and especially their control of the Interior Ministry and police, was certain to lead before long to their supremacy in the state. *Anschluss*, in everything but its exterior form, was supposed, both by Hitler and by foreign commentators, to have been consummated at that time. The surprise was that Schuschnigg subsequently evinced so much independence and that the Austrian Catholics and Socialists showed signs of intention to organize a real resistance. By squelching that protest Hitler accomplished in fact what it had been supposed he had already accomplished as much as three weeks earlier.

Why, then, the consternation at an event that all intelligent observers had foreseen and that those who were most shocked ought most to have expected? One reason may be that just as some dreaded events seem milder in realization than in anticipation, others, when threats are translated into fact, assume an unexpected grimness. There is something about the thought of German troops actually moving across German borders for the first time since 1918, and especially into a country whose people are so well loved the world around as those of Austria, that causes observers to shudder. We know only too well what is likely to happen to thousands of Jews, Socialists and Catholics; the Nazi yoke does not fit well on the Viennese. Aside from this, however, the manner of Hitler's action was calculated to offend the British even more than its substance.

Hitler had only just promised Schuschnigg to respect Austrian independence: it was a promise that no

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one ought to have believed, yet it was recent. Everyone knew that a majority of the Austrians did not want *Anschluss* with a Hitlerized Germany—the Socialists, before they were suppressed, cast 60 percent of the vote in Vienna, and 90 percent of the Austrian population is Catholic. The Nazi movement embraced perhaps a third of the population. Schuschnigg's proposed plebiscite, whatever its faults, would have revealed with substantial accuracy the state of public opinion. The clumsy German excuse for the invasion did not conceal the fact that it was to prevent the expression of this opinion and make the conquest of Austria irretrievable that Hitler acted. By adopting a more cautious policy of penetration, with more regard for the amenities, he might in the end have achieved all the material results he has now gained, which are not great in any case.

That he chose rather to proceed with such rashness and inconsiderateness of foreign sensibilities in itself constituted the shock to Chamberlain and his faction. It made it politically impossible for the pro-German forces in the British Cabinet to pursue any longer a conciliatory policy. Hitler should have known what the psychological effect of his measures would be. The fact that either he did not know, or, knowing, did not allow such considerations to influence his course, indicates how dangerous he is and how refractory. With such a man it is impossible to compromise. Chamberlain therefore sadly admits that his policy is a failure, and thus turns to closer coöperation with the French and to stronger armament.

The unexpressed moral effects in France and Italy are equally momentous. France is more nearly united than before: she strengthens her alliance with Czechoslovakia and girds herself for war. We do not know what Mussolini thinks, but Italy is uneasy about Germany. She could have shared influence with Germany in a nominally independent Austria; the door is now closed to that. It is once more uncertain which side Italy would take in the event of a general European or world war.

What is the net result? Hitler acted in the headlong manner of a psychotic individual who is so obsessed with the realm of his own emotions that he cannot understand how he affects those in outside reality. He increased his prestige among those who share his dream-world, that is, among German and Austrian Nazis. But he definitely ended any possibility—and it was a real possibility—that he might make England and France his silent partners while he proceeded with aggression in the east. He slapped the faces of the British statesmen who were just about to succumb to his wooing. In so doing he destroyed the essential basis of his whole major policy, and made it almost certain that he cannot go much farther along the road of his ambition without bringing down on himself disaster and defeat from united enemies.

Dr. Morgan Should Resign

IN LAST WEEK'S ISSUE of The New Republic we gave it as our opinion that an investigation of the TVA ought to be held. Since then, a six-hour inquiry has been conducted by President Roosevelt, who interrogated Dr. Arthur E. Morgan and his two fellow directors, Mr. David Lilienthal and Dr. H. A. Morgan, with whom he has been quarreling so long and so bitterly. The transcript of this unprecedented affair covers eighty-one pages and has been extensively printed in the daily press. In our judgment, after going over this testimony, there is no necessity for an investigation either by the Federal Trade Commission or by Congress. We believe the simplest and best solution of the whole matter is for Dr. Arthur Morgan to resign.

In making this recommendation, we are not unmindful of Dr. Morgan's distinguished public career or of the excellent work he has done for the TVA, particularly in its earlier years. We do not believe he has been guilty of any personal malfeasance in office —nor have his two colleagues. The blunt fact is, however, that the personal quarrel for which we believe Dr. Morgan to be chiefly responsible has now reached such lengths that it is seriously hampering the work of the TVA itself.

Dr. Morgan's attitude toward the President's inquiry has been unresponsive in the extreme. It is reported that he twice refused urgent requests from Mr. Roosevelt to attend a hearing, before he agreed to come. Throughout the six-hour session he declined to answer questions or to submit evidence in support of the extremely serious charges he made against his fellow directors. They, on the other hand, gave every appearance of seeking to coöperate to the fullest extent. They introduced voluminous data into the record. The most serious charge Dr. Morgan has made against them referred to the marble leases of Senator George Berry, whose claim to damages was recently thrown out of court by a federal commission. On this point Messrs. Lilienthal and H. A. Morgan told what seems to be a straight and exonerating story.

It might be argued that even though there is nothing to conceal, an investigation of the TVA would be useful because it would settle once and for all the charges Dr. Arthur Morgan has been making. Apparently, however, Dr. Morgan has no important evidence; if he has, his failure to bring it forth constitutes a tremendous blunder that is itself a reflection upon his abilities as a public official. It must not be forgotten that the TVA has deadly enemies among the private-utility interests. In an investigation, they would do their best to smear the whole enterprise from beginning to end and top to bottom; and they would work desperately to make it seem to the American

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public that this smearing had been successful, whatever the facts might be. While the investigation was in progress, the whole great organization of the TVA would be unsettled, its efficiency impaired, its morale lowered. We are confident that the end result would find us no better off, so far as the Morgan-Lilienthal-Morgan imbroglio is concerned, than we are now. Dr. Morgan has lost faith in his fellow directors. He seems to have the gravest misgivings regarding the whole power policy of the TVA, certainly one of its most important and valuable aspects. He is equally lacking in confidence in the President himself, judging by his conduct during the informal hearing. In the interest of peace and progress and for the ending of an intolerable situation, he should step aside and let the work of the TVA go forward.

Nebraska's Experiment

WHEN NEBRASKA at the 1934 election voted to substitute a single chamber for its old bicameral legislature, many students of American government felt that a great step forward had been taken. Adoption of the unicameral system constituted a personal victory for Senator George W. Norris, who had worked ardently and long in its support. With its new legislature, composed of forty-three members elected without party designations, in the place of the one hundred and thirty-three senators and representatives formerly selected by the regular processes of the party system, Nebraska was held up as the model of state legislative efficiency where urgent bills could be acted upon with a minimum of political bickering and obstruction. Yet in the short period during which the unicameral legislature has been tested it has proved disappointing to many of its most enthusiastic proponents.

Party alignments still exist in Nebraska and continue to weaken the effectiveness of the legislature. Political maneuvering goes on with very nearly as much vigor as it has in the past and thus far little of the progressive legislation the state needs has been passed. On the contrary, Nebraska has administered an overwhelming defeat to the child-labor amendment and has created a Legislative Executive Council, composed of fifteen members, whose job it is to "study legislation and draft bills"—a sort of sieve through which all proposals must sift before they are presented to the chamber as a whole. Though the great power of the Council is clear, not a single present member may be described as a "progressive." Its chairman is head of the Nebraska National Guard and is one of the state's vociferous reactionaries. With a small bloc of conservatives thus able to shape the legislation presented to the chamber, there is little hope of passing any measures that do not reflect their narrow viewpoint.

An amendment to the Nebraska Constitution known as the Norton Short Ballot Bill has been passed by the unicameral legislature and will be ratified or rejected next autumn. It provides that after 1940 only the Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor and two other minor state executive officers are to be elected. All the rest, including the Tax Commissioner, the Attorney-General, the Secretary of State and the State Treasurer, would be appointed by the Governor with the approval of three-fifths of the legislature, and he alone would have the power to remove them from office. The amendment has aroused very little public interest in Nebraska, largely because the legislature voted that it should not be printed in the press until four weeks before the elections in the fall. On its face, however, the Norton bill represents a dangerous concentration of power in the hands of the Governor and whatever group or groups he may represent. We can see no reason why most of the important state executive officials should not stand for election at the polls.

While the legislature has been concerned with matters such as these, any number of measures have needed urgent attention. One of the most pressing examples is the law against picketing that has stood on the Nebraska statutes since 1921. It is so all-inclusive that almost every form of union activity is prohibited during the course of a strike. This law, for example, prohibits any attempt to induce a worker to join a union during a strike against his employer.

The fact that the unicameral legislature in Nebraska has failed to produce good laws is not necessarily an argument against it as a form of government. The bicameral legislature certainly has its faults. There has hardly been time to test the unicameral system; it is possible that the quality of legislation will improve when the sharp lines of party loyalties have had time to soften. What the Nebraska experiment has demonstrated is perhaps that a good system must be supplemented by good men and sound traditions.

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Men-at-Arms

FUNDAMENTALLY, war is a struggle between two groups of human beings. Weapons are useless without men to wield or control them; the finest airplane in the world is of no value to a general who does not possess a competent pilot; a tank is so much junk metal, lacking a well trained crew; a machine gun is a noisy—and dangerous—nuisance unless a first-rate gunner is behind its sights.

He who would weigh the military power of the nations, therefore, comparing them one with the other and forecasting the outcome of what wars a dark and foreboding future may hold for a fear-ridden world, must begin by examining the human material upon which, as a house on its foundations, all the fabric of military strength must rest. And in this examination, he must begin at the beginning.

Military discipline has been variously defined; sometimes with malice aforethought by those who believe it to be the root of all evil, sometimes—with equal inaccuracy—by those who admire it out of all proportion to its true qualities and value, sometimes with careful and analytical intent to set forth its nature and its uses. But most such definitions concern themselves with its effect upon the recruit after he has been committed to its grasp. Thus on the one hand we are told that it seeks to make of the human being a mere machine, a brutalized robot who kills and maims and ravages at the orders of his equally brutalized superiors without taking thought or feeling remorse; on the other hand, we hear how discipline ennobles the soul of man, making him fearless in the face of dangers which would previously have appalled him, ready to sacrifice all for his country or his cause. The truth lies somewhere in between, and is concerned with the basic diversity of human beings. It is this: that discipline has a varying effect on men according to the nature of the man to whom it is applied. It is, of course—as Liddell Hart points out—"intimately associated with the soldierly spirit." But the soldierly spirit in one man may be something quite different from, though no less useful in a military sense than, that of his comrade—or any of his comrades.

Of course discipline does tend to produce a certain uniformity of pattern. Men who dress alike, are equipped alike, are subject to the same training, armed with the same weapons, led and controlled by the same officers, begin presently to think alike—to a certain extent. The degree to which discipline will mold them all into uniformity of thought as well as of action is in direct proportion to the extent to which uniformity of thought and action has been a part of their pre-military life. Thus in the World War, Australians—individualists at home if ever there were any—proved the despair of drill-sergeants and of officers whose test of military efficiency was the smartness with which a unit formed fours or piled arms. Yet time and again, when the officers and non-commissioned officers of a platoon were gone, a private soldier took over command and led his comrades efficiently and well: the history of the Australian Imperial Force is replete with instances of the sort, and the Honors List as well. On the other hand, German soldiers—fully as brave, fully as determined as any soldiers in the world—time and again proved helpless when their leaders were gone; indeed, their non-commissioned officers even, sprung from the same disciplined citizenry as the privates, were decidedly lacking in initiative and resourcefulness, though few indeed would not have "shown up" an Australian sergeant at a competitive drill on the barracks square.

Discipline—taken in its broadest sense to include all the abnormal and violent impacts of military life upon the individual—will with one sort of basic human material tend to produce a machine which works well as long as nothing goes wrong with any of the closely meshed gears; with another sort, it will tend to bring out the latent qualities of leadership and initiative, to develop a sense of group responsibility, to slough off the unfit, to put a premium not only upon courage but upon resourcefulness, not only upon loyalty but upon adaptability.

In the one case it brings all to a common level—a few it lifts, most it depresses; in the other, it seeks to place each individual in his proper niche in the military profession and there to give him opportunity for further development in accordance with his capabilities.

But in neither case can it create basic qualities in its human material which are not already there. If during his formative years a youth has been subject to rigorous regulation of his every activity—in his school, his work, his sport, his daily life; if he has lived in an atmosphere where any sign of independence of thought or conduct brings immediate punishment, whether as anti-social or counter-revolutionary or "deviation from the party line"; if he has in consequence lived with fear from his first dawning thoughts, and learned to depend upon a higher power for regulation of his activities rather than daring to think for himself, he will not suddenly, with the donning of a soldier's uniform, throw off the carefully inculcated habits of twenty years and become the sort of soldier that modern war demands.

And that sort of soldier is very far from the "cog in the machine" ideal. The complexity of modern armaments demands an army of specialists. Consider the infantry. In 1914 the infantry of every army took the field armed with the weapons of Gettysburg and

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Sedan and Plevna—the rifle and bayonet, improved merely in detail. There were a few machine guns; otherwise the armament was uniform. In tomorrow's war infantry will have not only rifles and bayonets, but automatic rifles, machine guns, anti-aircraft machine guns; anti-tank rifles, machine guns and cannon; rifle and hand grenades—explosive, smoke, gas and incendiary; submachine guns and pistols for close-range fighting; mortars and howitzers of various types and with various sorts of ammunition. In addition to this multiplicity of weapons, modern infantry requires and must be able to handle a bewildering variety of motor equipment for its own transportation and that of its weapons and their ammunition; as well as various types of highly technical signaling apparatus and engineer equipment. Not only must infantry officers be competent instructors in all these things, but infantry sergeants and corporals must be able to coördinate the employment on the battlefield, under all conditions of weather, terrain and enemy opposition, of the various weapons included in the armament of a platoon.

Isolated action by small groups will be the rule rather than the exception. Improvement in the fire power of the defense, coupled with the tremendous improvements in aviation, force attacking infantry to spread out more, to take greater advantage of cover, to use every accident of the terrain; operations at night, or under cover of artificial fog, will be frequent. All these conditions impose the greatest responsibility on the leaders of small groups—the non-commissioned officers—and even on individual private soldiers.

Individual resourcefulness, initiative, self-reliance, daring coupled with good judgment, will therefore be at a premium in tomorrow's war; and that nation whose young men have acquired those qualities in civil life will possess an infantry far superior to that of an opponent not so situated.

When we pass on from the infantry to the—so-called—more technical arms, the demands on the individual qualities of the soldier become even greater. Tanks, for example, once committed to an attack are difficult of control by unit commanders; no wholly satisfactory means of inter-tank communication has yet been evolved; even radio tends to break down under the conditions of vibration, noise and jolting. A great responsibility will therefore rest on the shoulders of the tank commanders—and small tanks have only two men in their crews. The responsibility which may be the lot of individual airplane pilots needs no emphasis in view of what has just happened in China; an error by a single pilot may not only have grave immediate consequences to the military situation, but may involve his country in war with a fresh and formidable enemy.

The whole tendency of modern war is toward smaller, more highly trained, more professional armies. The vast masses of "the Nation in Arms" of Von der Goltz's day are unlikely to be seen again on the battlefields of Europe. Neither Spain nor China, useful in a military sense as some of their lessons have been, has afforded us an example of what might be accomplished by the air force of a Great Power in a war in Western Europe; but it seems safe to say that the mass armies of 1914-18 could be concentrated only with difficulty, moved toward the battlefield only with much greater difficulty; and that the tremendous organization and masses of transport needed for their supply in the field must necessarily break down under incessant attacks from the air, supplemented, when practicable, by raids of mechanized forces.

Thus, both on the battlefield and in the larger strategical sense, war becomes an affair of detachments; concentration, its basic principle, will be possible only in the Napoleonic connotation of that word, not a huge massing of combatants in one area but the concentric operations of mutually supporting fragments of a coördinated whole.

The continual threat from the air—an element in which military superiority can only be obtained temporarily and locally—will keep ground operations fluid, at least during long periods; the ability of armored troops quickly to concentrate fire power at decisive points will tend to check the formation of deep defensive positions by a continual threat to communications. For such a war of movement, of surprise, of swiftly changing situation, the machine-army is ill adapted. The machine-trained soldier, officer or man, will come upon too many surprises, too many situations to which the answer is not to be found in the book. If he has not the individual resources within himself to deal with those situations; if he has not lived and thought and acted independently, and in an atmosphere of freedom and individual competition whether in sport or labor, he will not be equal to the terrible demands that modern war will make upon him.

So when next you see a film displaying Black Shirts or Brown Shirts or Pink Shirts marching in serried ranks before grim-browed dictators, do not be appalled. It is an imposing show; magnificent, if you like—but it is not war. Smart close-order drill is but a tiny drop in the sea of training through which modern infantry must pass. The qualities of heart and brain and spirit that go into the making of the sort of soldier that tomorrow's war demands are slowly, inexorably being destroyed in the totalitarian states. The piling up of millions on the muster-rolls for the overawing of their neighbors may be good propaganda; under the wheeling scythe of machine-gun fire, the swooping scream of diving airplanes it means but helpless masses for the slaughter.

When you see the long lines of ordered tanks clanking across some dictator's parade-ground, or the beautiful formations of his planes in a cloud-specked sky,

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remind yourself that those tanks, those planes are no better than the men at their controls: men who in war would be far removed from the voice and example of a trusted leader, from even the warm encouragement of comrades at either hand. Remember that not in those countries which have fallen under the blighting shadow of tyranny, but here in America, and in those other lands where freedom of thought, of speech, of conscience yet lives, are being bred the sort of men who can, if the grim necessity comes upon them, wield those weapons with a sure and deadly hand.

Remember, too, that the armies of the dictator states have a peculiarly vulnerable psychology, one which cannot endure the stress of defeat. Taught to believe in the invincibility of their leaders, the inevitable checks and setbacks of war will have far greater effect on such men than on the soldiers of the free nations, whose minds are unclouded by such nonsense, who know their leaders are but men, and fallible, and may make mistakes, who can be fearlessly told that we have failed today, but that tomorrow we will try again. Remember the panic of the Italian troops at Brihuega when but two unexpected elements—an air attack and mud—intruded to upset the mechanism of their carefully planned operation. Remember the blind rage of the Japanese at Shanghai when, encountering unexpectedly stiff Chinese resistance, they sacrificed thousands of their best troops in headlong frontal attacks against entrenched machine-gunners. These are portents for the future. If war comes, they are portents of good cheer for the free peoples of the world.

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

The Solid South Cracks

TO MOST PEOPLE who have not followed events in the South very closely during the past two years the filibuster conducted by Southern Senators against the anti-lynching bill meant that the South is still solidly under the influence of reactionaries and bigots. For the first time since the Populist days of the nineties, however, the South is no longer the "Solid South." A wedge has been driven into the landlord-millowner-controlled politics of the South by the labor movement, organizations of the farmers and groups of the middle class. That wedge started forming about two years ago and it has been growing stronger ever since. It actually represents the desires of a large majority of Southerners, Negro and white, but it has yet to consolidate its influential forces into organized political form.

The election of Lister Hill to fill the Senate seat left vacant by Hugo L. Black is the latest positive proof that progressives are gaining ground. The issues on which Hill campaigned against "Cotton Tom" Heflin were clearly defined—wages-and-hours legislation, Supreme Court reform, TVA and farm legislation. Though the vote was a light one because it was a special election, Hill won by nearly two to one.

Alabama's labor movement played an extremely important part in the election of Hill. Both the CIO and the A. F. of L. sent calls out to every local in the state to turn out and vote for him. A statewide campaign to pay up poll taxes was carried on by both organizations. Some locals dug into their treasuries and paid poll taxes for members who had not been delinquent for too many years. Labor leaders, William Mitch, president of the State CIO Council, and W. O. Hare, secretary of the State Federation of Labor, spoke at meetings and issued public statements. The Railroad Brotherhoods rallied their membership to vote for Hill. How the farmers would vote was a big question in everyone's mind during the campaign, though the State Board of the Farmers' Union and the Farm Bureau Federation publicly backed the New Deal candidate. Middle-class groups such as the Cosmos Club and the Good Government Club of Birmingham showed by their support of Hill that at least part of the professionals and intellectuals, if not the business men, were in favor of the Roosevelt administration. When the returns were in, they revealed that the heaviest support for Hill had come from industrial centers and the Black Belt and TVA farm regions.

One of the most significant aspects of the election was the support given Hill by the Negro people. Although not more than 1,500 Negroes were allowed to vote in the election, they took a more active part in the campaign than they have in many years. They supported Hill, despite his refusal to vote for the anti-lynching bill, because he at least stood for many other progressive measures which they wanted while Heflin, notorious for his hatred of the Negro people, opposed all New Deal legislation.

In Birmingham, the most densely populated center in the State, Negroes made the election a pivot point around which they started a right-to-vote movement. That movement, according to Mr. C. Coke, managing editor of the second largest Negro paper in the South, succeeded in getting 900 Negroes registered as qualified voters in Jefferson County. The campaign for the right to vote was carried on by newly organized Right-to-Vote Clubs, steel and coal union locals, and a group which split off from the cautious Negro Democratic Club. The significance of this movement, and of such events as a turnout of 5,000 Negroes to hear Negro Congressman Mitchell of Illinois, is that it indicates a revival of a desire for political rights by the Negro

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people themselves which they have not shown in such emphatic form since political power was restored to the plantation owners in the 1870's.

All of these groups voted as Democrats of course. The election was a Democratic primary, but for all practical purposes it was the real election because Alabama is a one-party state. Most Southern states are, and consequently in almost all Southern states the progressives are corralling their forces within the Democratic Party.

The Southern progressive movement emerged as part of the opposition to the Ku Klux Klan program adopted by Governor Talmadge's Grass-Roots Convention at Macon, Georgia, a little more than two years ago. When Rivers was elected to succeed Talmadge shortly after, A. Steve Nance was one of Rivers' chief campaigners. Nance, Southeastern director of the Textile Workers' Organizing Committee, is the leader of the labor movement in Georgia. Since he has built up a considerable political following in the state, his endorsement meant—and still means—a great deal to any politician. Nance supported Rivers because Rivers stood for the New Deal. Today Nance is beginning to gather his supporters together in organizational form as Labor's Non-Partisan League. As far back as last August plans were being made to oust Representative Cox, one of the CIO's fiercest opponents, from office during the 1938 elections.

In Chattanooga, Tennessee, a heavy-textile and fabricated-steel manufacturing center, the labor movement felt the necessity of taking political action even before the CIO came in. It organized a committee called Labor's Political Conference which was composed of delegates from all locals affiliated with the Chattanooga Central Trades and Labor Council. When the CIO organized locals in steel and textiles they were invited to send delegates. Most of the delegates to Labor's Political Conference in Chattanooga are also members of the executive board of Hamilton County Volunteers, a "good government" organization started by middle-class people to eliminate corruption in local politics. The Volunteers polled over 10,000 votes and elected one state legislator in the last election.

Over in the western part of the state the Crump machine, which has had things entirely to its own liking for the past thirty years, is showing some cracks. A number of young liberals in Memphis, who went into the Crump machine because there was no other political organization, are winning influence among the voters. Chief among these is Robert Tillman, who accepted a job as subregional director for the TWOC despite opposition from machine leaders.

Labor in North Carolina has not done very much in the political arena yet. Through Labor's Non-Partisan League, the unions exert a good deal of influence in favor of such national issues as Supreme Court reform and wages-and-hours legislation. It has set up a few local organizations in the state. However, in Raleigh, the state's capital, an organization of professionals, intellectuals and white-collar workers called the League for Progressive Democracy has started a state lobby for social legislation. Its potential effectiveness lies in the fact that it works closely with the state committee of Labor's Non-Partisan League. The movement for equal political rights for Negroes is well advanced in some sections of this state. The poll-tax law is not enforced very strongly. In two towns with large Negro populations, Durham and Raleigh, Negroes were elected to public office in 1936.

Although the Farmers' Union and labor are just about getting on their feet in Louisiana, both groups coöperate on common issues. Mississippi and South Carolina still are dark spots on the map of progressive thought and action.

Alabama has the most advanced progressive political movement among labor and farm organizations in the South, as the Hill election revealed. The dominating note of its first state CIO convention, held in Birmingham a month before the election, was political action. There were 500 delegates present, Negro and white, the majority of whom were attending a meeting of this kind for the first time. They represented nearly 100,000 organized workers in Alabama.

The convention passed resolutions which called for the organization of Labor's Non-Partisan League on a statewide, dues-paying-membership basis; a state legislative program, including the institution of the secret ballot; condemnation of vigilantism by big corporations; endorsement of the legislative demands of the Farmers' Union; support of the wages-and-hours bill; judiciary reform and Roosevelt's peace policy as outlined in his Chicago speech. Resolutions endorsing the anti-lynching bill and asking Governor Graves to pardon those Scottsboro boys still in prison were referred to the newly formed State Executive Board of the CIO, which passed them in modified form at its first meeting after the convention. William Mitch seemed to sum up the sentiments of those present when he declared at the closing session of the convention: "I want to see the black men and women receive the same justice as white men and women in the United States."

All of these organizations and groups of progressive thought throughout the South have spheres of influence far beyond their own immediate membership. They and the success of the CIO in organizing the South are indications that the Roosevelt administration has mass support for its wages-and-hours bill and farm legislation. And when 57 percent of the *Southern people* inform the Gallup Institute of Public Opinion poll that they favor the federal anti-lynching bill, it is one more proof that the Bourbons in the Senate are standing on pretty soggy ground.

LEE COLLER

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Mongolia Against Japan

WHILE THE CHINESE have put up an unexpectedly strong resistance to the Japanese invaders, no one—least of all the Chinese leaders themselves—expects that China unaided, with her grave deficiency of military equipment, can hurl back the powerful, mechanized Japanese machine. There is, however, a factor that has been almost universally overlooked, at least by observers and students of the situation, if not by the participants themselves; and that is Outer Mongolia. From my observations in Mongolia on my first visit in 1921 and my recent visit to the territories comprising the heart of Central Asia, I am of the opinion that the Japanese may get the shock of their lives when they come up against Outer Mongolia's military forces. Outer Mongolia today has an effective and well equipped military force. It is friendly to Soviet Russia, though by no means a mere puppet of the USSR. It is also friendly to China, especially since the era of coöperation between Chiang Kai-shek and the Chinese Communists began. But more fundamentally important than its friendly relations with these bordering nations is the fact that, unless the unexpected happens and Japan finds herself overextended, Outer Mongolia will shortly be fighting for its own existence. Again, for the third time within the span of a comparatively few years, its independence is at stake.

Ever since the Japanese invasion into the Asiatic mainland in 1932 the possibility of war between Nippon and the USSR has been only a matter of time. Outer Mongolia, which borders on western Manchukuo, provides a territory of utmost strategic importance to the Japanese. Its possession would not only permit dangerous attacks on Soviet Russia's Trans-Siberian railroad in the Lake Baikal region, the lifeline of the Soviet Eastern army, but would extend Japanese influence deep into the Asiatic continent. The mineral wealth of Mongolia, as yet unexploited as far as the Altai mountains, would be at Japan's disposal and Soviet Russia would be cut off from access to China, with the exception of the commercially unimportant Chinese Turkestan (Sinkiang).

Confronted with the possibility of Japanese aggression on its territories, Outer Mongolia has for years with the help of the Soviet Union prepared for the coming events. This was no easy task in a country which for centuries had undergone no changes from the simple archaic mode of living, where with the exception of a few cities the majority of the population lived a semi-nomadic existence in *gers* (tents) and where transportation was restricted to the most primitive means—the caravan routes.

In view of the ever increasing danger of invasion the Ulan Bator (Urga) government started on a vast program of road construction, utilizing the existing trade routes and building new ones. Today serviceable motor roads for heavy truck traffic extend in every direction. In order to remedy the previous lack of "nerve centers," the building of roads was undertaken to link important supply bases and to facilitate the movement of troops and their heavy equipment. Ulan Bator not only connects with Ulan-Ude (Verkhne Udinsk), capital of the Soviet Union's Buryat Mongol Republic, by automobile, but will in a few months be linked to the Trans-Siberian railroad by a rail line now under construction and almost completed as far as Kiakhta on the Mongol border. Another railroad line under construction between Semipalatinsk, important station on the Turk-Sib railroad, and Uliasutai in western Outer Mongolia may be completed within a year. Numerous roads connect the capital with almost every border settlement and even in sections where no roads exist as yet, motor traffic is possible due to the suitability of the terrain. Hundreds of trucks and automobiles, imported from the USSR, compete with native means of transportation. A regular air service between Ulan Bator and Ulan-Ude has been established.

Yet the outstanding factor in the modernization of Outer Mongolia is the compulsory army service. Under normal conditions approximately 15 percent of the male population receives military training, but through rotation, the army is being steadily enlarged. Not restricted to men, the army uses women in various capacities, some occupying high positions. Under the careful instruction of Soviet military experts, Outer Mongolia has built an army of more than two hundred thousand men, equipped with the most modern means of warfare. It has been mechanized to suit the physical condition of the country and includes tanks, flame-throwers, artillery and other up-to-date equipment, plus more than three hundred airplanes of the latest types. Of high mobility, this powerful fighting machine seems to be ready for any emergency. The Mongol soldiers are living today under the same trying climatic conditions as their forefathers and have retained the physical characteristics which made them outstanding warriors eight centuries ago. Accustomed to the endurance of hunger and cold, they are admirably suited to operate with great advantage over any enemy in the difficult desert territories of Mongolia.

Doubtless this powerful war machine was not created merely for Mongolia's own defense. One may assume that the Soviet Union, without whose help such an army could never have been built, had other plans in mind besides the utilization of Mongolia as a buffer state to protect the Soviet borders. Mongolia's unusual

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legal status has never been changed. Ever since the tripartite treaty in 1915, Outer Mongolia has been an autonomous state under Chinese suzerainty. Mongolia could be reminded by the Soviet Union that, according to international law, she is still an integral part of China and as such could send her armies to the support of the Chinese against Japan. In this way Soviet Russia could wage war against the Japanese without officially using one single soldier of her own armies and without crossing over her own borders into Japanese-controlled territories. From the large Mongol population in her Siberian possessions she could supply Outer Mongolia with an unlimited stream of Soviet-trained troops to augment the Mongol armies.

To understand the present situation, we need to go back a little way in history. In 1915 Russia, China and Outer Mongolia signed a tripartite treaty which, considered from the point of view of international law, created the most unusual status for the new autonomous state, a status whose interpretation today or tomorrow may be responsible for a complete change in the map of Asia. *China recognized the autonomy of Outer Mongolia under her own suzerainty and under Russia's protectorate.*

Russia, however, had problems of her own. The World War and the Soviet revolution which followed deprived the new monarchy of the foreign assistance so badly needed. China was not slow in taking advantage of the existing situation, and in 1919 finally succeeded in occupying Outer Mongolia by military forces, led by General Hsu. Mongolia's autonomy was at an end, and for nearly two and a half years the Chinese maintained their sovereignty.

By 1921, a contingent of White Russian troops, commanded by the insane General Baron von Ungern-Sternberg, was pressed by pursuing Soviet troops over the Siberian border line into Mongolian territory. The Mongols took advantage of the presence of these unexpected guests and with the help of the White Russians administered to the Chinese the severest defeat ever experienced by any Chinese army. Only a few hundred are reported to have reached their homeland. Thousands of Chinese skulls, bleaching today on the Mongolian plains, give mute testimony to China's last attempt to retain control in Outer Mongolia.

The presence of White Russians in Mongolia became intolerable to the Soviets across the border and soon their own troops began pouring into the country and decimated the remains of the White Russian army. This arrival of Soviet soldiery became the deciding factor in the country's future. It aided a new political movement within the country itself and led to the firm establishment of the Mongolian Young People's Party. This party—opposed to the feudal theocratic regime and the rule of the Lamas—supported by the Soviets, and aided by the timely death of the Khutukhtu, Mongolia's high priest and sovereign—overthrew the government and in 1924 proclaimed a Red Mongolian People's Republic.

Never before in the turbulent history of the Mongols had anything happened to upset their spiritual and economic life as did the doctrines emanating from their western neighbor. With the abolition of the feudal-theocratic regime and the democratization of the government of the new People's Republic, tradition was struck an irreparable blow. With the inauguration of the Republic the Lamaistic Church, so intimately connnected with the everyday life of all Mongols, was separated from the state. As in Soviet Russia, natural resources, lands, forests, rivers and mineral deposits were declared property of the state. The government adopted a uniform economic policy and foreign trade became a state monopoly protected by high tariffs. Finally came the creation of the Mongol People's Revolutionary Army and a decree ordering the compulsory military training of all working classes. In short, the structure of the Mongolian government, while not identical, resembled in many respects the Soviet pattern.

Outer Mongolia proper, while on friendly terms with the Soviets, has retained its independence. True, it has been "socialized," but the existing "nationalistic" trend is toward a "Mongolia for the Mongols," and independence alone can guarantee their existence as a nomadic race. And nomads they want to remain. Settlers from the Soviet Union would be just as unwelcome as the Chinese were in the past. For the present at least, no fears exist with regard to the Soviet Union as a friendly neighbor, because for strategic reasons the USSR will have for years to come the problem of settling her vast Siberian borderlands.

While their own country is almost hermetically closed to the outside world, the Mongols are well informed of the state of affairs in Manchukuo and Inner Mongolia, and they feel justified in their "nationalistic" attitude. They look with contempt on their Mongol brethren who are being buffeted between Chinese officialdom and Japanese imperialism. This may be one of the reasons why the Soviets have made no great efforts to curb their departure from orthodox doctrines and have, as a matter of fact, in some instances advised the Ulan Bator government to offset the political errors committed by the young and zealous Mongol Reds bent on "socializing" the country by force. The Soviet ideology in a nomadic state, without agriculture, industry or commerce of any importance, became impracticable and led to several serious uprisings, as a result of which the government turned its policies sharply to the right.

Up to the present day Outer Mongolia has been a strange experimental trial ground of government. The closest description fitting the circumstances would be to call Outer Mongolia a "nationalistic-bourgeois-democratic" republic on a basis of state capitalism.

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There is, of course, no way to anticipate what the final result of this unique experiment may be. It will all depend upon the immediate future, which seems to be full of exciting possibilities.

From all indications, therefore, it is only a matter of time before the Mongol armies will become the focal center of warfare in the East. Regardless of who will take the initiative in the coming struggle for the supremacy of Central Asia, it seems certain that the herdsmen from the Gobi desert are repossessed of the martial spirit of their ancestors. They hold the key to the heart of Asia.

LEONARD LUDWIN

Take It Easy, Kid

IT WAS OLD 376, pushing in to the curb, and stopping with a jerk. George Poole, waiting for the half-dozen parcel-carrying women to scramble aboard, knew the air on this wagon wasn't so good anymore; still that stop had been pretty jerky.

As he swung up onto the step, Poole saw who was hauling her: that new kid, the chunky one with the round cheeks, Burnham. He hadn't been driving long and you could see he felt pretty cocky, hauling a jammed bus full of people. Poole supposed they got a kick out of it, some of the greenest ones, sitting behind that wheel, their hats pushed back over sweaty hair, turning the handle of the fare box with a casual forefinger. After they'd been at it as long as he had, ten years, they'd be feeling some different.

As Poole squeezed down the aisle toward the rear, he was nearly thrown off balance by the jerkiness of the bus in getting away from the curb. Burnham was gunning it too hard, instead of easing into that slipping clutch; and he was pushing the bus too fast for this traffic, swinging away out on the wrong side to pass a loafing coupe.

Poole kept edging toward the rear. Other men with straw hats and bright ties, carrying coats over their arms, were jammed around him. These were the small business men, office workers, going home to their little houses out in the Willow Terrace section. How many times he'd hauled them. The Negroes in the back seats were getting up now, crowding forward to get off. Four of the others sat down with Poole, five altogether on the wide rear seat. One of them was muttering something about making white passengers stand up until the Jim Crow section was empty.

It was the same fussy impatience that gave Poole a pain in the pants when he was pulling a rush-hour load. But hell, this was his day off. Maybe he could feel important too, if he concentrated.

Chee-suss, kid, watch that guy. Burnham was bamming the horn, and the car coming out of the parking lot stopped with only inches between its radiator and the side of the bus.

These green kids with the big foot, who thought North Wisconsin during the five o'clock rush was a race track—didn't they know you had to coax these old wagons along, not keep ramming them? No wonder people got sore. After they'd taken a kid into the union, he ought to be able to drive better than a ten-cent hackie. Gunning her every time he had fifty feet clear, hitting the air every three seconds.

Then Poole had to smile to himself—a regular old-woman back-seat driver. He would have to stop watching the traffic, and listen to the talk going on inside. These were the guys who had been raising such a holler about the new routings, the ones who were getting up committees to go to the mayor. Poole could see how they would feel about this new Chicago firm which was going to make transportation pay by cutting out a lot of routes and running rush-hour extras on the others.

But this was hard on the drivers, too, especially the green kids on the extra board, who had to wait around down at the garage half a day for a chance to make a couple of hours, or to take a run for one of the regulars who had "slept in," by failing to show up on time. When you were up there behind that wheel a passenger was a bastard who couldn't understand that a driver had a strict schedule to make and couldn't be waiting five minutes at every corner for them to get up and get off after they'd jerked the cord. But back here with them, you could see what *they* thought about it.

". . . drivers they have nowadays just don't give a damn," one of them was saying, others agreeing or making cracks at the company.

The man next to Poole, a skinny bird with glasses and an Adam's apple, compressed his thin lips and spoke out as though the whole matter had been put before him for a final decision. "What we've got to do is see that they get a better class of drivers. These men they have now are absolutely irresponsible."

For a minute Poole felt like jumping up. Instead, he yielded to a feeling of relief that they didn't know he was a driver; this was one time they couldn't take it out on him. He could look away and forget them.

The bus had turned west on Belleaire, chugging and coughing, its innards seeming to tremble at the stiff climb ahead. The Belleaire hill was the reason old 376 hadn't ought to be on this run. Poole forget the others and wished he were up front beside the kid. He'd made the first shift all right, but he'd have to put her in low before he got to the top.

Come on, kid, now. Jesus Christ, was he going to wait till he killed the motor? She'd get away from him on this hill. The air on this wagon wasn't so good any more.

Ah, there, he made it. Poole relaxed and leaned back in his seat. What did these straw-hat bastards know about hauling an old wagon with the air no good, and a slipping clutch? But the one with the glasses was

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saying, "There, you see. Incompetence. Waiting so long to shift gears. Sheer irresponsibility."

Poole had on his Palm Beach suit, a white shirt and a tie that would match any of theirs. What was to keep him from telling them a few things? "Well," he said, "the company gives these boys pretty stiff schedules to drive nowadays, and some of the equipment could be in better shape."

The skinny one puckered and twisted his lips as though considering. "It all depends on the quality of the personnel," he said. "What every citizen ought to do when he sees a bus being incompetently handled is call up the office and report the driver."

Poole had to breathe deeply and swallow before he could speak naturally. "The drivers are pretty good men," he said, trying not to let it sound as though he had more than a casual interest in the discussion. "They have to be pretty good before they let them drive."

The skinny man, without looking at Poole, spoke sharply. "Well, to show you how I feel about it—see that man's name on the card up there, Burnham? Well, I'm going to call the office as soon as I get home and report that fellow for incompetent driving."

Poole felt the muscles hardening at the hinges of his jaw. This Willow Terrace outfit was all the same, whether you were behind the wheel, or trying to act human with them. Again Poole turned to the window, trying to get his mind off it, and calm down. They were turning to go north on Willow Terrace, the street with all the pretty little bungalows, where all the straw-hat bastards lived. He had gone past his own corner. Now he'd have to ride out to the end of the line and back.

The other men on the rear seat were pulling the cord at frequent intervals, getting out into the quiet street, with its neat lawns, and trees that swished against the windows of the bus as it pulled in to stop.

It seemed as if they were never going to get rid of the skinny guy with glasses. Poole wished he'd hurry up and get off. It was a strain, sitting there with his jaws tight wanting to do something with his fists.

Then the other man was pulling the cord, adjusting his coat over his arm, and sticking cautiously to the seat until the bus had come to a full stop.

So you're going to get off and go right home and call up the supe, are you?

Poole was aware that he was getting up as the other man did, following him down the aisle to the front of the bus.

As the man started to step off, Poole lunged. He crashed into the skinny guy and knocked him down onto the parking.

The man's straw hat was jolted off and crushed under an outflung arm. He leaped up, with green grass stain on his white shirt, trembling, his fingers curved.

Poole stepped down toward him. "Can't watch where yuh goin, huh? Take them glasses off. Take them glasses off."

The skinny man's fingers uncurved. He retreated, bending to pick up the crushed hat with one hand, shielding his glasses with the other. He was hollering. A few houses down, a man had dropped his hose and was running toward them. Women were coming to front doors. Poole guessed he knew whose side Willow Terrace would be on.

Old 376 was still rumbling there at the curb. Burnham had started to get out. Poole turned around and faced the kid. No use them losing their jobs. "Get back in and let's get going."

The kid looked disappointed, but slowly climbed back into his seat and shifted into low. Poole sat down on the seat which faced backwards, just across the motor hood from the kid. He didn't give Burnham time to start asking questions.

"Listen, Burnham, on that Belleaire hill, see, when you're hauling an old wagon you want to shift in plenty of time. And when you know your air isn't so hot, hit it easy halfway up the block before you want to stop. Keep hitting it, a little harder every time. And then about ten feet away, hit it all the way down. That way you stop without knocking them out of their seats.

"And when you've got a slipping clutch, don't gun it when you shift. Ease into it."

The kid tried to grin. "I guess I wasn't so hot, but it's hard to get used to some of these old wagons after you've drove one of the new ones. And there was such a big bunch of people I was afraid I was going to get behind."

Poole gave him a little punch under his raised arm.

"That's okay, kid. Just take it easy."

MARTIN BAKER

March Lambing

No time there is for dream while lambing ewes:
Lambs coming or dropping, lambs tottering their first and trying
Bulged teats, ewes sniffing wind from soaked hillsnow and crying.
This is no time for dream though pasture blues
With lupine, and weather is full of flying.

It's dream enough
He's brought the flock through snows, through starved-grass thaws;
Enough he lift a little lamb from gullybed
And tend an orphan, or help a young ewe with her rough
Unknotting burden; and enough he yellowspread
Drop-pens with straw for lambs to come. This fullness
Of fact is near a dream to him as fact can be—
Lambs new as March, stirring his mind from winter-dullness.

CONRAD PENDLETON

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Shoot the Works

Trotskyism at Home and Abroad

I WAS COMING UP from South Carolina and bought a local newspaper at a small station. Turning to the editorial page I found that it had as its leading letter a communication which ran under the caption, "Protest Against Lincoln's Birthday." It was a missive from a lady who was irate at something she had seen in The New York Times and she wrote, "That Yankee paper is still trying to make something of that man called Lincoln."

My first reaction was one of amusement. But later I thought, "It isn't really funny. It's rather sad." According to my mental arithmetic, something like seventy-four years have gone by since the end of the Civil War and the scars still remain. And I turned to a New York paper and read an editorial on the treason trials in Russia. The writer said that he had been friendly to the Soviets and that he realized that in the heat of a revolution violence and bloodshed were inevitable. "But after all," he added, "acts of terrorism still persist after more than twenty years. That to the American mind is unthinkable."

I dissent. There can be no question that the mass trials in Moscow have hurt Russian prestige abroad. It would be excellent indeed if socialism were so firmly established that hate, suspicion and bloodshed were gone. Unfortunately that doesn't seem to be the way that revolutions work. Americans should understand, because we had two in our own history. And when the Civil War occurred more than three-quarters of a century after the establishment of the republic, there were intelligent Europeans who said, "It is tragic and we hate to admit it, but the bloody conflict in America proves that democracy doesn't work. By now they have had ample time to make good their experiment."

I have no first-hand information on the present Russian trials or on any of the others, although I have talked with newspapermen who were present at some of the earlier investigations. Several of the correspondents were of the opinion that while the mood and method of a Soviet trial might seem strange to an American, they were personally satisfied that justice had been done.

Of course it will be said that the issue raised is larger than that of the factual truth of the evidence. If famous Russian generals and officials and even physicians are guilty of murder plots there must be something wrong with the system. So the argument runs. But plots and strange occurrences involving those high in authority have not been unknown in democratic nations. The Dreyfus trial did not suggest to me that France had better go back to a monarchical system nor do I think the Mooney case indicates that California should forthwith turn to communism.

To go back into earlier passages in our own history, I would suggest that Aaron Burr and John Wilkes Booth figured in plots at least as melodramatic and seemingly outlandish as anything that has occurred in Russia. And there is a man called Trotsky. And Hitler reigns in Germany and Japan is on the prowl for territory. Russia has the jitters. People with jitters are sometimes unjust and very often brutal. All the same I think it is silly to maintain that the Soviets have no excuse for being jittery.

Certain American liberals have said that it is utterly fantastic to think of Trotsky making plots with the aid and connivance of Fascist Germany. I don't know. I haven't been there. But I am here and have been ever since Brooklyn's proud day when I was born in Pineapple Street in 1888. And here in America today I see a growing tendency for Lovestoneites and Trotskyites to make common cause with Girdlers and Sokolskys. If pressed, I will admit that the word Trotskyite has come to be an extremely broad label. It has been fastened on men and women who undoubtedly have never been in any communication with the exile in Mexico or even read his printed works, which can be obtained with a fair degree of regularity in all the most reactionary magazines and newspaper syndicates in America. But until a better word comes along it will do to describe the activities of those who sabotage a radical or progressive movement because some part of its policy does not meet with their complete approval.

I don't know from my own knowledge whether there are Trotsky plots in Russia, but there certainly are in the United States. The foes that the CIO has to fear most are not the barons of Little Steel, because those knights ride out in armor and shine like deserted mackerel in the moonlight. They can be spotted. The really dangerous enemies are those who ride up and say with a friendly wave, "I've just dropped in to offer my services. I'm going to write a series of articles on this labor movement. Here and there I may be a little critical, but it's all for the good of the cause. Don't take my strictures seriously, because they are intended to be in the nature of pep talks."

But when the mysterious stranger rides away and issues his little leaflets, bonfires are lit on the hill where the barons dwell and there is the sound of revelry by night in all the encampments of the princes of privilege.

"This cinches it," says the head man among the tribal earls. "This fellow is saying exactly what I said months ago, and remember he's a radical."

As I understand the philosophy of Trotskyism in its American manifestations, it consists of making a timid proffer of a poisoned ring. The slogan runs, "Take a little prussic acid for your stomach's sake. You look run down." Some of the most sincere men and women of my acquaintance are Trotskyites in the broad sense of the term. But when the leader of a good cause feels the knife come squarely between his shoulder blades he is in no good position to observe just who it was who hit him from behind and whether the blow was struck in malice or with loving kindness. And even if the grave injury was conferred by someone with excellent intentions the victim has a right to cry, "Damn your sympathy. I'm hurt. Get out of here and join the foes in front so that I can see you."

What goes on in Russia is far away and may be mysterious. Even Trotsky's hideout is a far journey for investigators. And so I think I have a good suggestion the next time any distinguished educator wants to conduct an investigation as to whether there is such a thing as Trotskyism. It isn't necessary to go to Mexico. An even more pertinent inquiry might be held in Michigan or in some sections of the garment unions in the city of New York.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Washington Notes

Hatfields and McCoys in the TVA

As these notes are written, the outcome of the extraordinary encounter between Mr. Roosevelt and Dr. Arthur E. Morgan of the TVA is still uncertain. It seems a reasonable guess, however, that Dr. Morgan will ultimately be forced out. What moral should be drawn from this affair, I do not know, unless it is that the doctrine of class conflict does not explain everything in politics.

Just now a pretense is being made that the stiff, eagle-beaked TVA chairman is an agent of the predatory class, a Lord Macaulay, an enemy of the people—which is absurd. Dr. Morgan is an unadulterated utopian. In a dreaming contest, he would dream rosier dreams than any other New Dealer. This writer, at least, has never been able to find a serious conflict of principle between him and his opponent, Mr. Lilienthal. Their differences have been personal. Senator Norris last week, in a burst of phrase-making, called it a case of the green-eyed monster, jealousy.

One of the great decisions made by the TVA, far back in its green and innocent beginnings, concerned the Knoxville Power Company. Because of a legal tangle, it seemed necessary that the TVA buy the Company's facilities. The Company was owned by the Tennessee Public Service, itself a part of the Electric Bond and Share. The offer made by the TVA was fair, even handsome, to the holders of bonds and preferred stock; nothing was offered for the common stock of the Electric Bond and Share. Throughout the negotiations, Dr. Morgan's and Mr. Lilienthal's social attitudes were identical. Both showed a conservative respect for private property; both showed great zeal for public ownership. Both worked hard to complete the transaction and both were immensely disappointed when what happened to be interference from New York resulted in its failure.

What caused these two men to be driven apart? Last week a TVA official, reviewing the past four and a half years, observed: "Well, you know the chairman used to let everything pile up on his desk." Dr. Morgan's environment, it will be remembered, was that of a construction camp at a dam site. Removed from normal community sanctions, a construction camp is not very different from an army in the field, and the word of the engineer-in-charge is its law. When Dr. Morgan came to the TVA, by all accounts, his pattern of benevolent tyranny forbade him to take his co-directors, Dr. H. A. Morgan and Mr. Lilienthal, into partnership. Their reports came to his desk, and there they remained until Mr. Big had the work repeated by his own staff. When Mr. Lilienthal attempted to go ahead on his own initiative, Dr. Morgan accused him, quaintly enough, of a Napoleonic complex, and ultimately went to Mr. Roosevelt to plead that Mr. Lilienthal not be reappointed.

The public break between the two men came as a result of Dr. Morgan's negotiations with Mr. Wendell L. Willkie, head of Commonwealth and Southern. With the advantage of hindsight, it is now easy to say that Dr. Morgan was more than a little naïve. But when the talks began, the feeling among most New Dealers, including Mr. Lilienthal, was one of hopeful anticipation. In appearance, Mr. Willkie is a professional country boy. He is simple, plain-spoken, shining with rugged virtue. He had voted for Mr. Roosevelt in 1932, and had condemned his brother utility managers for sterile Bourbonism. Dr. Morgan and Mr. Willkie got on excellently. According to report, Mr. Willkie became carried away by his own magnanimity, and made pledges to Dr. Morgan that his own board of directors, had the negotiations ever come to an issue, would scarcely have ratified. In the midst of these talks, the Commonwealth and Southern joined in the eighteen-company suit against the TVA. In another phrase of Senator Norris', it was a stab in the back. It convinced Mr. Lilienthal and his faction that further negotiations were dangerous, and that the TVA must fight without quarter.

It happens that, next to Secretary Ickes, Dr. Morgan has the most towering conscience in the New Deal. He is the man, you will recall, who filed an inventory of all property owned by himself and his family when he became head of the TVA, and promised to file a parallel inventory when he left office. After the Willkie negotiations collapsed, his conscience apparently forbade him to say, "My brothers, I was wrong." He could not put himself in the position of seeming to have dallied with the enemy. Especially he could not seem to have been less steadfast in the public interest than Mr. Lilienthal. By a not uncommon psychological quirk, from this moment he became savagely interested in Mr. Lilienthal's personal probity. Very quickly he hit upon the attempt of Senator Berry, the marble magnate, to sell his submarine quarries to the TVA. The Berry marble deal was somewhat less fragrant than it might have been, but it must be granted that Mr. Berry's friendship with the White House during the 1936 election period placed the TVA in an extraordinarily difficult position. When a few days ago the Berry claim was declared judicially invalid, Dr. Morgan became once more the angel of the flaming sword.

This long, painful story of Hatfield Morgan and McCoy Lilienthal is chiefly important for its bearing on the proposals before Congress to investigate the TVA. If it were true that a great struggle over principle had been in progress in the TVA, an investigation might be justified. But no such struggle has occurred, and no investigation is warranted. Last week Mr. Walter Lippmann and other commentators made much of the administrative weakness of the TVA, supposedly revealed by the Morgan-Lilienthal feud. Not even this criticism is valid. About two years ago, it is true, internal disunity brought the TVA's operations nearly to a standstill. But on the initiative of Mr. Lilienthal and Dr. H. A. Morgan, the TVA was thereafter reorganized, with Mr. John B. Blandford Jr. as sole administrative head. Mr. Blandford is former director of Cincinnati's public-safety department, and a well known authority on public administration. Bluff, hearty and extraordinarily competent, he has established the greatest good will and loyalty among the TVA's staff. Underneath the turmoil at its top, the TVA has functioned with exceptional smoothness.

Washington T. R. B.

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Other People's Money

Mr. Whitney Learns the Hard Way

IT IS PASSING STRANGE, indeed, how the depression has dealt with so many of the principal actors in its immense cast. Heaven knows, the poor have suffered bitterly. But the well-to-do, the very high priests of the temple, have had their own special brands of agony. The poor after all are merely the victims of a system they don't pretend to understand and foolishly imagine that certain great and wise men at the top know how to manage. But how cruelly that system has knocked about these wise men—the Insulls, the Mitchells, the Halsey Stuarts, the Durants and scores of others. And now, finally, the long, gaunt arm of the depression has reached into the very holy of holies and lifted out the man who headed that once sacred shrine of privilege and power, the Stock Exchange, related to the great House of Morgan itself, the chief representative of the Morgan firm on the Stock Exchange. There was a little touch of irony in the coincidence by which the bankrupt, Richard Whitney, once president of the Exchange, was unfrocked and flung outdoors at the very moment when the Pope was inducting two Morgan partners and Al Smith (save the mark!) into a great papal order "recruited from the *upper classes* of all Christian countries."

It is impossible not to contribute a touch of sorrow for the misfortunes of any man. How many nameless thousands of men and women have been lured to ruin by the specious propaganda of the Exchange and even more specious publicity of its individual brokerage houses? And now Mr. Whitney himself is caught in the ruthless wheels of his own machine.

It was an odd mischance which brought Richard Whitney to the presidency of the Exchange at the most critical hour in its long history. Whatever his abilities are, the one talent he possessed least of was the talent for getting along with the public. He had a fine career in college. He made the Harvard four-year course in three. He was a noted athlete there and when he first became president of the Exchange he was still a handsome and commanding figure. He was six feet two and he needed all of his great bulk to express adequately his cold disdain of the world outside the Exchange.

In the days of the Pecora investigation I sat for long hours with him in his office. With Dave Schenker, now making a name for himself in the investigation of investment trusts for the SEC, I represented the Senate Committee and we labored to make Mr. Whitney and his counsel see that he ought to comply with our request that he distribute what turned out to be a very important questionnaire to the members of the Exchange. Those negotiations took many hours and ran into a good many arguments and, at intervals, led us into byways and alleys of discussion. This was in 1933, at the very bottom of the depression. As we argued, I marveled as I looked at this man, in so commanding a position at so critical an hour, over whose head the preceding four years had apparently rolled without altering a single impression. The world to which he belonged was coming down around his ears. The waters of the flood were at the very doors of his great exchange. Yet he continued to think and to act with the same utter scorn of that mass world outside of the temple gardens as he might have done in the summer of 1929 or, indeed, as old Commodore Vanderbilt might have done eighty years before.

This was, indeed, the peak of Mr. Whitney's career. His great job all during Hoover's turbulent regime was to hold for the Exchange, where so many fortunes had been lost and so many lives ruined, a modicum of the high esteem which his predecessors by very able and intelligent public relations had accumulated for it. But instead, by his inability to see what was going on inside the skulls of the masses, to understand what was happening even in his own world, to deal with understanding with the government which was now knocking on his door, he was rapidly throwing away most of the good will which had cost so many millions to buy.

The Senate Committee had the power to bring him to Washington, to bring the whole Exchange to Washington, to command their books, to put them to endless trouble. It offered a simpler way to get the facts it wanted —by a questionnaire. Whitney, under the bad advice of very inept counsel, refused to comply. That night Ferdinand Pecora summoned six of the leading brokers to Washington with a demand for all their books. When they got to Washington and learned what Whitney had done, they were shocked. They volunteered to form a committee to do for the Senate what Whitney had refused. Thereafter Whitney was shouldered aside and this volunteer committee, made up of men like E. A. Pierce, Gayer Dominick and such Exchange members, became the liaison between the Senate Committee and the Exchange members. They were courteous, helpful and above all, aware of the turn the world had taken.

Whitney's whole trouble was summed up in the expression which has been quoted so many times and which he used to Dave Schenker and myself when he first visited the offices of the Senate Committee. He said: "You gentlemen are making a great mistake. The Exchange is a perfect institution." It was indeed, for the purposes of Richard Whitney.

We saw signs of a pool in the alcohol stocks. We asked him to investigate. He did so and, at our request, sent the results and with them a report that he could find no evidence of a pool in commercial alcohol. Out of his own figures we were able to piece together as perfect an example of a pool as you can find—with the specialist, Charlie Wright, managing the pool. And now Charlie Wright, rough, boisterous gambler, and suave, cold, aristocratic Richard Whitney, who hated the use of the word "gambler" in connection with the Stock Exchange, have both been thrown off the Exchange—Wright for running another pool under the very nose of the SEC; Whitney because he is bankrupt through his own operations in that kind of performance which he so fought to free from the label of "gambling." It is a pathetic chapter in the history of an institution that seems to have brought nothing but woe into the society upon which it lives.

JOHN T. FLYNN

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To Keep the Wind Away

I Am My Youth, by Ernest Pascal and Edwin Blum. The Playhouse, March 7, 1938.
Haiti, by William Du Bois. Lafayette Theatre, March 7, 1938.

CERTAIN REFLECTIONS must always come to me when I see an actor undertake a role to which either the surrounding dialogue of the play or else time, fame and history have added an almost devastating luster. How can he face the music? If I were in his shoes I should shiver then, thinking of those verses: imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay, might stop a hole—et cetera.

I remember, long ago, when I saw a grotesquely homely actress playing Olivia in "Twelfth Night," wondering how she could sit there behind that veil hearing person after person sing praises of her beauty, as one brings flowers in from the garden, and never bat an eye or let one flicker cross her face when the moment of exposure came for that rash work of nature. And I remember a play where everybody talked and talked of the most charming man on Long Island, and of little else until his entrance. You might think that almost any actor would double up under such exactions, would feel like a fool. Neither of these showed any signs of doing so, however, and they were quite right in that. The art of acting after all is creation, representation, presentation, not actuality; and that could have been their line of defense, though very likely these two were never bothered by it.

The biographical vogue in the theatre of recent years offers plenty of problems. Would it be better, when we see some famous person played, if we knew nothing at all of the historical facts? We could then take the actor's creation as complete in itself, without reference to his original. Esthetically we have the right to know, however—as we should from a painter—the extent to which he follows or is free of this original. After a certain point is reached, we may ask why in that case bother to call it Shelley?

In sum, we may take out of many instances where actors have played famous individuals, Mr. Frank Lawton as Shelley in the new piece at the Playhouse, "I Am My Youth." It is one thing that Mr. Lawton's height, face, eyes and expression are about as unlike Shelley's as could be imagined. He could do very little to change that. But that in his manner, in his clothes, in his bearing, impulsive movement, and in personal impact, he is nothing at all like Shelley is rather another matter. The argument here is first that such elements as bearing, costume, and so on are within the actor's province and control as part of his craft; and second, that these elements, as evidences of character, enter into the nature of the play itself. If it is true that Mr. Lawton has a right to demand of the play that it provide him with material through which he may be a dominant part of it, it is equally true that the play has a right to expect him to carry off this matter in such a way as helps establish the play.

With regard to this occasion, "I Am My Youth," we come now to the plain fact that what we get from Mr. Lawton's portrayal and from the characterization in the play, amounts, so far as Shelley is concerned, to practically nothing at all. A few facts are there: Shelley's father was Sir Timothy; Shelley was distressed by human wrongs; he deserted Harriet, his wife, to elope to the Continent with Mary; Fanny, her half-sister, kills herself; Claire, another half-sister, goes off with Byron, etc. Otherwise the one point of likeness in this Playhouse Shelley is a certain hardness in dealing with the living crises of others, the hardness of theorists, reformers and saints, especially young ones. Lack of experience comes in, and an intuition of the truth that, as Shaw says, the advantage of self-sacrifice consists in the fact that it enables you to sacrifice others without blushing. Even here it is largely the play that breaks down. The speeches given Mr. Shelley Lawton to say are barren and explicit to the point of extinction. If this cool, tailored Shelley, walking unruffled through the length of the story, well wigged and tight-lipped, hands at the sides, is absurd, even as an individual who helped involve a family in such crises, what are we going to say of the sweet and charming version of Mary, that sonorous and aggressive bosom of loyalty on which Shelley could lay, inescapably, his weary, ivied head, Mary, that crisp and assertive fount of belligerence and courage?

Indeed what are we to say of that room that Mr. Donald Oenslager has designed for the Godwin home, with the superb panels, the handsome doors, the valances in spirals beyond all humility, the fine furniture, that excellent pervading taste? Is it cursed by money, merely, as Hamlet says, stewed in corruption, a distraction and a destruction? Or does it all lump in with the dainty daughters, the clean quaint mother? All this might so easily be unjust. It is not, however, because of the fact that the play is so trivial and aside and "altogether delightful." We have Godwin, the social thinker and brave reformer, his bisque entourage, his *tremblante clarté*, as Lamartine says of I believe it is the moon. We have the suicides, desertions and Continental elopements, not to speak of fighting Malthus and his persuasive gains on the English mind for the moment. And eventually all goes by untouched, the only disturbance it suffers is the footlights' glare. You are reminded of that saying in the Hindu texts about the foolish man going through life as a spoon through soup without perceiving the savor. The mere fact that a dramatist chooses material in which such terrific elements are involved is enough to make us think twice before we approach him.

Oddly enough the real things that Shelley defended, gave up the entail of his inheritance for, set bottles of revolutionary matter afloat for, are much better represented in Harlem at the Lafayette (a Federal Theatre venture) where Toussaint l'Ouverture, and Henri Christophe, the "Black Majesty," struggle against the French for the mastery of Haiti. The play itself is frank melodrama, resounding with right sentiments and heroic indulgence. The exotic is not played up especially, but proceeds somewhat naturally from the whole situation. The story is that the French arrive (Pauline Bonaparte among them), the rebels block retreat to the hills, the wife of a French officer—unknown to herself and to all but her father, she is half-black—comes back to her patrimony and secretly defends the rebels, and in the end remains the only one left from the French. The setting is excellently contrived, many of the play's moments are highly effective. As melodrama it all gains through the bona-fide response that the Negro players give to it.

STARK YOUNG

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Cameras Afield

"THE ADVENTURES OF CHICO" is one of the most charming animal pictures, partly because its conception is essentially kindly. The cameramen Stacy and Horace Woodard have won prizes for their work on "The Struggle to Live" series, and the first of the brothers was chief photographer on "The River." What they did on this film was go to Mexico on their own, bribe a native kid to rear a paisano bird to be his friend, thus providing the plot element, and set up their cameras for whatever the fields and woods would afford.

The "story," narrated by this very cute little Mexican in his high careful broken English, is of a shepherd lad who was the animals' friend, special benefactor of a brood of orphaned paisano chicks. One of the birds when it got older traveled around with him and one day, for climax, got in a fierce tussle with a rattler which the script had approaching the boy as he slept. Meanwhile, for background and because they were lucky enough to catch it, is a lot of footage taken up with the delightful mischief of snookum bears, the foray of a lion (which was rather cruelly shot), the surprising of a litter of baby armadillos, and naturally the fine sun, air and clouds of Mexico.

A lot of it is posed, of course, and some of the thrills are Frank Bucky. But the telephoto studies of the two snookum bears are more fascinating, the fluttering canny death struggle between bird and snake is more wearing to nerve and muscle, than many a million's worth of the screen drama or comedy that we have seen. If you tend to get excited about the accomplishments of Documentary, as pronounced with hush, you might give a look at this link in a chain that extends quietly back, way beyond the time that John Grierson of England became the Little Father of Fact in the Film as a movement.

"Jezebel" is the most surprising film, for it should have been a chromo, yet maintains its life and truth. Darkies, Lou'sana belles, balls, plantations—but in the center is Bette Davis, in herself unique; and around her are the credible performances of George Brent, Henry Fonda, etc., plus the directing work of William Wyler, plus someone with a talent for the dramatic in photography (witness the ballroom sequence). It is about a girl with a twisted sense of power, further twisted by her self-defeat in love. Her man returns married and the release from the feverish hope of her sterile months alone becomes a wild, controlled cruelty. Her going away to nurse him through the plague finally, probably to die, is neither expiation nor happy ending, but the only logical end short of insanity. It is the study of a borderline case, made particularly lucid against the hard-and-fast rules of just such a tight society as is conceived and executed here. It is the easy fashion, I believe, to hoot at magnolias on the grounds that if they ever did exist, they had no right to. This becomes unfortunate when in the case of a movie like "Jezebel" it draws the attention (and apparently understanding) away from what seemed to me an absorbing and logically placed story of character.

And now I'm happy to give over to Alistair Cooke, who has done a job for our Innocents-Abroad Department that could only be done by an intelligent bilinguist. Cooke left broadcasting and writing film criticism in England to broadcast and write here; once a Commonwealth Fellow himself, his knowledge of the give-and-take between the two cultures is unique and delightful. OTIS FERGUSON

"A YANK AT OXFORD" should be preserved in amber and kept permanently on view at the English Speaking Union headquarters in London. It was made by Metro in England and in awe. Of course it's an entertaining and light movie and this may sound very solemn. But the pervading ethos is the staggering smell: the reverent plea in dialogue and image for Oxford as the unchangeable pattern of the idea of a university. As an anthology of muddled myths, British and American, it is beyond price and deserves the honor of a semester's study from Professor Ponowsky at Princeton. Its origins and sponsoring alone would be worth a file or two to an alert sociologist. (A compulsory clipping would be Graham Greene's classic account of Metro's London lunch, at which Louis B. Mayer made the solemn threat: "If ever there was an American young man who could logically by culture and breeding be called a Britisher, it's Robert Taylor").

Americans will likely see in the Taylor character of this picture a conceited pup ripe for a trimming from almost anybody. But make no mistake, in every county in Great Britain he will be a typical American learning how to behave, being chastened by, of all things, the chimes of Magdalen. Yet no Englishman could have written a story so contemptuous of Lakedale State College (founded 1903) or kneeled in such lyric fervor before the spectacle of dinner in hall or the ritual of a Bump Supper (what possibilities here for funny and sordid truth). A Rhodes Scholar might have done it—and that in fact is the answer. A Rhodes Scholar did, Mr. John Monk Saunders, and "A Yank at Oxford" is a spellbound tribute to a conception of cultural leadership which probably survives nowhere but in the movies, but which thereby seeps through to two hundred million customers a week, grateful anyway to have their miasmic notions of Oxford jell into something. But though Mr. Saunders has been there, he was there at a significant time, when Rhodes Scholars acquired English accents which they then tenaciously held in outposts as far removed as Eureka, California, and Sodom, Pennsylvania. They were faintly disturbed at the notion of having been born in America, they affected clay pipes, college blazers, shandygaff, wrote about the expatriates they envied—as now the Commonwealth Fellows in the same ways are turning the tables in this country.

Mr. Saunders and his "Yank at Oxford" belong to this now historical era. Today, Rhodes Scholars speak their native tongue and go their ways and tagging along behind them creep rather disturbed Englishmen, one ear cocked for "that vital American slang," children of the first period of British self-doubt. Englishmen who would angrily deny the idea are aware of the fact, of an impulse from America exerted in many fields which is live, untroubled and which threatens to turn English magazines, for instance, into slavish and not very expert parodies of their American originals. The mythical Briton of the Edwardians is still active, but as a universal idea he is powerful only in the movies. From the cross-currents of British foreign "policy" it is not Neville Chamberlain but C. Aubrey Smith who emerges as the Rock of Ages. ALISTAIR COOKE

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The Bandwagon

"Germany is determined to strengthen her army even further and keep it as a great instrument of peace." – *U. P. dispatch to The New York Daily News of Field Marshal Goering's Memorial Day speech in Berlin on Sunday, March 13.*

There is undoubtedly cheating going on, and the cheating is being done by the wrong people. If there is to be any cheating, I want to see the right people do it—local people. – *William Burbridge, a member of the Miami Beach, Fla., Council, quoted in The Miami Daily News.*

A Paris journal states that M. Greceler, a composer and a pianist known in New York and Boston, has set the American Constitution to music. This strange composition was lately performed before a selected audience and, though it lasted for several hours, it was received with enthusiastic approval. – *State Government.*

Why Go Straight?

There exist few people who have no one to grieve when they are gone, no one who desires to see that, in the event of death, the last rites for them are said and their bodies laid to rest in the family burial plot. All these things can be given the criminal because his fingerprints are in our files. – *From an article by J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, published in This Week, a syndicated magazine.*

Grass in the Streets, Alas

Democrat wants help finance political campaign. Will reciprocate. Box 337, E. News. – *From a classified advertisement in The Los Angeles, Calif., Evening News.*

How'm I Doing?

It is of interest to quote the title: It is "Symphonia Domestica—Dedicated to My Dear Wife and Our Boy; Op. 53." – *From an article by Lawrence Gilman in The New York Herald Tribune, commenting on Richard Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica."*

Look-Out-for-Libel Department

Radium "Poisoning" Victims.—These alleged victims of so-called radium poisoning, doomed to inevitable death, according to medical testimony, listen intently as another reported victim testifies in a compensation hearing. – *The caption on a photograph in The Kansas City Star.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. – THE EDITORS.

Correspondence

Footnotes to "New Investment"

SIR: May I suggest a couple of footnotes to the discussion of "new investment" in Mr. Gayer's interesting article in your recent Depression Supplement of February 2?

(1) The problems of "new investment" outlets with which, as Mr. Gayer suggests, government policy must increasingly be concerned, seem to lie largely within the special fields of railroads, public utilities and residential construction. Available statistics, rough though some of them are, tend to show this.

Capital outlays in the aforementioned fields have been slow to recover in recent years, especially as compared with those in manufacturing and mining. In manufacturing and mining (including petroleum production) aggregate capital outlays paralleled closely the recovery in output and profits, though with a slight lag. In 1937 these outlays were as large as in the years just before 1929, as is indicated by recent estimates of gross investment expenditures (exclusive of maintenance) of more than $3,000,000,000. This was about four times as great as such expenditures in 1932 or in 1933. On the other hand, capital expenditures by railroads and all public utilities, including the active telephone industry, are put at less than $2,000,000,000 in 1937, or about 70 percent of the well sustained 1923-1928 average, while the value of residential construction in 1937 was somewhat over $1,000,000,000, or less than one-third as large as in those earlier years. . . .

(2) Security flotations are a very treacherous index of "investment," as Mr. Gayer indicated by a cautious use of them in his article. Analysis of manufacturing-corporation financial statements has shown that a large volume of "investment" can be and has been financed by currently undistributed earnings and depreciation allowances.

As for the effect of falling security markets upon "investment" in 1937, it is worth noting that the curtailment of security flotations following the beginning of unsettlement in stock and bond markets in the spring was for several months confined almost entirely to refunding issues. It was not until the autumn that new issues "for new capital" ceased coming out in sizable amounts, and by that time the prospects for earnings may well have become as discouraging to "investment" plans as the difficulties of raising whatever funds may have been needed.

Washington, D. C. A. B. HERSEY

Thomas Lincoln and Enloe

SIR: My great grandmother was Lydia Enloe of Kentucky, a sister of Abraham Enloe, of whom Robert Morss Lovett spoke in his New Republic review [February 23]. It was a tradition in our family that Lincoln was Enloe's child. He was a bachelor, and it was said Lincoln as a child used to ride behind him on his horse over the farm.

None of my mother's generation is living now so it would be impossible to get more of the story. This is the first reference, so far as I know, made to Enloe in any of the Lincoln biographies. I don't think it at all likely that the elder Lincoln "beat up" Enloe. Nancy Hanks had a cabin on his farm and it was there the boy was born.

ELIZABETH BENT

Old Greenwich, Conn.

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The Tyranny of Words

SIR: As a lifelong student of philosophy, I should like to express my admiration for Kenneth Burke's review of "The Tyranny of Words," by Stuart Chase [The New Republic, January 26]. Mr. Burke did a very fine job. . . .

As Mr. Burke stated, Chase tries to deal with the philosophy of meaning. What the advertising of the book calls a *consumer's-research report on words* is concerned with more than conventional definition. Chase definitely offers empirical method as the test of meanings. He refers to the theories of Korzybsky, Richards, Bridgman and others. He tries, with no success, to rear a whole set of criteria of meaning, which are in fact criteria of knowledge. The field of philosophy devoted to theories of knowing, of meaning and of knowledge has long been known as *epistemology*, the semantics of which can be found in dictionaries and standard philosophical texts. Mr. Chase's "new discipline" was once known as "Socratic method" and has long been known as epistemology. . . .

The title of Chase's book offers a second point upon which to judge his competence. "The Tyranny of Words"! In addition to what Mr. Burke has pointed out concerning the word *tyranny*, I'd like to point out that the meaning, epistemologically considered, of *tyranny* must be sought in esthetics as fused with politics, ethics and morals, all branches of the field of philosophy known as axiology or science of value. . . . Even if we were charitable enough to interpret *words* in Chase's title as *human ignorance and stupidity*, which is apparently what Chase *really* means, y'know, the esthetics of *tyranny* would still be animistic. We'll let Chase figure out that for himself. . . .

Chicago, Ill. LESLIE EVAN SCHLYTTER

How to Buy Lisle Hosiery

SIR: In the present controversy over lisle hosiery and the use of the boycott against the Japanese silk there are a few points that seem to me to have been overlooked.

Lisle hose are now being manufactured by some of the best union concerns. By asking for lisle stockings by name, or insisting upon the union label, consumers would promote the interests of the members of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers. Many brands of lisle stockings purporting to be union made have been found upon investigation to be non-union.

Since it is conceded that machines up to 42 gauge may be used in the manufacture of lisle hose and since some of the best union concerns are now making them, it seems to be up to the socially minded consumer to buy lisle hose intelligently in order to protect union workers.

If any of your readers have difficulty in locating a satisfactory union-made brand of stocking, they are invited to write to Pioneer Youth of America, 219 West Twenty-ninth Street.

New York City. AGNES M. NEWBORG

Miss Cleghorn's Poem

SIR: Miss Sarah Cleghorn's poem:

> The golf links lie so near the mill
> That almost every day
> The laboring children can look out
> And see[1] the men at play

which I hope it will give you pleasure now to reprint again, did appear, as you say, in almost the last Conning Tower that I wrote; to be specific it was my anti-penultimate column, of February 26, 1937.

But I first printed her quatrain on January 23, 1915, in the Conning Tower of The New York Tribune. It was sent to me by Miss Cleghorn from Camden, South Carolina.

New York City FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

[1] Miss Cleghorn's 1915 manuscript read "And watch the men at play," although in "Threescore," her autobiography, she herself said "And see the men at play."

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Arthur Nesbitt of New York City writes a letter of thanks for Hamilton Basso's "Thomas Mann and a New Humanism" (March 9). "Please assure Mr. Basso that his piece had twice the voice of Hitler and the guns of Nippon." . . . William R. Tatem of New York City expresses his warm approval of the same article. . . . Elton F. Guthrie, secretary of the University of Washington Teachers' Union, writes from Seattle about the dismissal of Mrs. Lea Ouymbroeck Miller by the Board of Regents on the sole ground that her husband is also a member of the University faculty.

George Lambert of the Pecan Workers' Emergency Relief Committee, Box 1861, San Antonio, Texas, describes the savage brutality of the efforts that are being made to break the strike and of the extreme poverty of the strikers. The immediate problem is getting money to feed the men and women on the picket line. Funds should be mailed to J. Austin Beasley, treasurer, at the above address. . . . Milton Aronson of New York City says that diplomatic recognition of Italy's domination over Ethiopia would encourage capital investments to exploit her people and her resources, in addition to justifying the aggressions of fascism.

Joseph P. Renald of Chicago points out that the national campaign against syphilis and gonorrhea is paying far too little attention to the problem of prevention. . . . Marie D. Loizeaux of the American Library Association sends us an announcement of a contest with a $100 first prize for an article on "libraries and library service for the future, suggesting changes that may be beneficial, or significant changes that have taken place, and emphasizing the library's place in the social world of the not-far-distant future." Manuscripts should be between 1,000 and 1,500 words and must be mailed before April 1, 1938, to Miss Loizeaux, Public Library, New Rochelle, New York. If the winning article is of sufficient merit, it will be published in The New Republic.

What's on the Air?

Professor Eugene Staley of the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy and Clark M. Eichelberger discuss "A Practical Program for World Economic Coöperation," Saturday, March 19, 3 P.M., CBS.

The Federal Housing Project presents "The Master Builders," Saturday, March 19, 6:15 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

"Democracy in Transition," a round-table discussion conducted by the Ohio State University Economics department, Sunday, March 20, 12:45 P.M., Mutual.

Ferdinand Pecora speaks on "The Prosecutor," Tuesday, March 22, 11:15 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include the Metropolitan Opera Company broadcast of "Carmen," Saturday, March 19, 1:55 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; dramatizations of Leo Huberman's "The Labor Spy Racket" and John Estevan's "Graveyard Watch," Saturday, March 19, 9:30 P.M., WABC; Robert Casadesus, soloist with the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, Sunday, March 20, 3 P.M., CBS; George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God," Monday, March 21, 9 P.M., CBS; the BBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult, Wednesday, March 23, 3 P.M., Mutual; and the Eastman School Symphony Orchestra, Thursday, March 24, 3:15 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

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Books in Review

Second Thoughts on "Joseph"

I FOUND the first hundred pages of "Joseph in Egypt"[1] rather hard going. In the little caravan of Ishmaelites that bought him from his brothers, Joseph is making his way across the Sinai peninsula into the delta of the Nile. He passes through Per-Sopdu, the city of clove-pinks, and Per-Bastet, the city of cats, and On, the golden city of the sun; he camps for a night beside the Sphinx; and slowly, day by day, he learns about the complexities of Egyptian religion. Says Dr. Harry Slochower, in his book on "Thomas Mann's Joseph Story" (Knopf, $1), "The first chapters of 'Joseph in Egypt' are thoroughly epic in their slow rhythm. So 'Egyptian' is the mood created that in parts the story does not seem to move at all and time appears to stand still, as in sleep." Dr. Slochower's essay is helpful and discerning and I recommend it to anyone who wants to study the novel. But at this point I suspect him of turning a fault into a virtue on the ground that Mann is above criticism. One might also say that time stands still in these first two chapters because the story is overburdened with atmosphere and exposition.

In the third chapter, Joseph reaches the gate of Potiphar's mansion and the story comes to life suddenly, like a tired horse when his head is turned toward home. From this moment—from the middle of page 132—it marches ahead almost without pausing, at first by formal narrative and then by a really magnificent series of confrontations that resemble the scenes of a Racinian tragedy—Joseph and Potiphar in the garden; Joseph and Montkaw at the old steward's deathbed; Potiphar and his wife Mut-em-enet, also called Eni; and midway in the second volume Eni and Joseph in the scene of the tempting, perhaps the richest and subtlest that Mann has written. Here the tempo changes again. The mood, the characters having been established, there is no further need for exposition. The story no longer marches, it gallops with a loose rein through a whole series of comic or terrifying situations to that final scene, told in a calmer voice, where Potiphar pronounces judgment. Joseph will be sent to the island prison of Zawi-Re, the place where the king's prisoners are bound; he will be one of Pharaoh's slaves.—"So then Joseph went down a second time to the prison and the pit. The story of his rising again out of this hole to a still higher life may be the subject of future lays."

Through all these scenes, the story moves forward simultaneously on different levels, psychological, social, symbolic, legendary. On the topmost level, Joseph's adventure is a psychological drama of a type that might recur in any age, including our own. There have always been great ladies, married to weaklings, who fell in love with their husband's steward or his gamekeeper (Lady Chatterley) or his handsome uniformed chauffeur. But Joseph and Mut-em-enet were also, in a sense, the first to find themselves in that situation. They would be the figures of a legend, and Joseph was conscious of his role—"It may easily be that we are the stuff of history," he says to Eni. "Therefore have a care for yourself and take pity upon your story, that you do not become a warning in it and the mother of sin." Eni belonged to an old and tired civilization, incapable of creating new forms: to Joseph she represented a sort of death. And there was a whole series of conflicts implicit in their meeting—matter against spirit, the old against the new, paganism against puritanism, the many gods against the one true God. Eni and Joseph are symbols, but they are not abstract figures of vice and virtue; first of all they are living people. That explains why the symbolism is complicated and extraordinarily rich in meanings.

It may be that there is an allegory of the author's life to be read in the story. Thomas Mann is an exile like Joseph. Not so long ago he was tempted with the promise of high official honors if only he would praise that new German government which, in its spirit of hierarchy and its complete subservience of the people to the state, is not much different from the old Egyptian government. Like Joseph he thought that if he consented he would be surrendering spirit to matter and life to death. Late in his career Mann has developed a keen sense of social responsibility, to supplement his earlier sense of artistic responsibility; Joseph is an archetype of the social man. These are of course vague and questionable comparisons, but of one thing there can be no doubt: the Joseph cycle is written more lyrically than Mann's earlier novels and with a deeper feeling of personal urgency. "Why do I turn pale," he asks in the Prelude, "why does my heart beat high—not only since I set out but ever since the first command to do so—and not only with eagerness but still more with physical fear? . . . The past into which I now shudderingly descend [is] the past of life, the dead and gone world, to which my own life shall more and more profoundly belong." In telling the legend of Joseph he is telling his own legend too, and writing his testament.

But the chief virtue I find in the novel is one that has always distinguished his work, though never more than in the present series—that is, its complete and amazing coherence. From the first page of "Joseph and His Brothers" (1934) through the whole of "Young Joseph" (1935) to the last page of these two new volumes—and of the "future lays" that will doubtless follow—in the whole project everything fits together like the parts of an enormously intricate puzzle. Philosophy, action, character, style, symbolism, dream, history, legend, everything contributes to the same effect. This does not mean that the books were written mechanically to plans and specifications drawn up in advance. They grew in the writing: the figure of Jacob came forward, the ten older brothers retreated into the background (Mann simply can't get interested in them) and the drama with Potiphar's wife assumed more impor-

[1] Joseph in Egypt, by Thomas Mann. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 2 vols. $5.

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tance, so that this book once meant to end the series is now only a resting place along the way. But no matter how much the story grows, it remains true to its own nature. One might say that the whole of it is present by implication in every part.

One might say much more than that. The system of relationships created by Thomas Mann is so complete and persuasive that one is tempted to accept it as a whole, the faults along with the virtues, the dreams and miracles along with the drama. In this lies a danger that I don't want to exaggerate. If I venture to give a warning, it is not addressed to Thomas Mann, who does not need our advice or even our admiration, but to those who accept his work with a complete surrender of their critical faculties. On such readers, the effect of his recent books is sometimes to induce a fog of exalted sentiments. Anything can happen in a fog: for example soldiers might wander into the ranks of the enemy.

The philosophy that Mann develops in the Joseph story is a noble structure, full of wisdom, but it is also full of dark rooms and calculated mysteries. This is an age in which mysteries are to be distrusted. When reasonableness and good sense are being threatened on all sides by all sorts of myths—as they are today—and by glorifications of force, instinct, blood, race, the soil, it is dangerous to praise legends at the expense of history. It is dangerous to confuse truth with error on the ground that both reveal the essential nature of man. The next step might be to praise tradition in general and to justify despotic governments on the ground that they are rooted in tradition. Mann would never take this step, but others inspired by him might do so; and they would find some arguments to support them in the Joseph cycle. It is a great work, and one that expresses the sickness of the modern mind as well as its persistent strength.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Merchant and Revolutionary

Defoe, by James Sutherland. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 314 pages. $3.50.

THE CLASSIC TALE of a man alone in solitude grew in the mind of one of the most persistently busy and social of men. To Defoe's "vast, vague and cheerful public" he is known mainly as the author of "Robinson Crusoe," although they may suspect him also, as Professor Sutherland playfully suggests, of "The Swiss Family Robinson." But in his respectable way he is a flaming lamp of revolution as well, a symbol of the slow, subterranean and tremendous revolution that advanced the middle class into power. The middle class was a new reading public in the seventeenth century: Defoe wrote for the middle class; to some degree he created it; deeply, he *was* the middle class. He was the voice of the merchant he admired, the poet of the glories of trade. Although in "Robinson Crusoe" there is no occasion for barter, even here Crusoe is the self-made man, entirely absorbed in the realities of his island economy.

Such is Professor Sutherland's reading of the significance of Defoe, and it is a sound one. Primarily he is writing a biography of Defoe's remarkable life, not a criticism of his writings; but for either one or the other an understanding of Defoe as a business man is essential. The later seventeenth century saw the birth of the modern business world. Brokers and jobbers were multiplying; joint-stock companies expanding gloriously; promoters talking big in the coffee-houses. The dissenting, puritanical, middle-class city merchant might be an object of derision to the rakehell Restoration courtiers whoring and roaring around the town; but fortunes were being made on the New Exchange, and in a quarter of a century imports rose from seven to eleven and one-half million pounds. This was the mad vortex of prosperity which fired Defoe's imagination, and its merchant-Aladdins filled him with such enthusiasm that he could sing, "A true-bred merchant is a universal scholar," understanding "language without books, geography without maps," speaking all tongues with "his foreign exchanges, protests and procurations."

A new city of wider thoroughfares and brick had risen from the ashes of that September in 1666 when the sky had glowed night after night like an oven. In it the young Defoe became a hose-factor, a middleman between manufacturer and retailer, and he dealt as well in a wide variety of merchandise: tobacco, wine, spirits, stuffs and fabrics, Spanish snuff. But Defoe could not restrain his preoccupation with politics; he was a daring speculator, sailed too close to the wind, and was constantly getting involved in lawsuits in which he could hardly have been always an innocent victim; trade was interrupted by the war with France, and ships in which he was interested were captured. Business grew steadily worse as depression followed inflation, and in 1692 Defoe failed for the sum of £17,000.

The failure inaugurated Defoe's literary career. Professor Sutherland's book traces the steps by which he became a political pamphleteer, secret-service agent, journalist, government under-cover man, in hidden and intimate contact first with King William, later with Harley. He veered from Whigs to Tories and back, but in all his political coilings he was more firmly than ever the representative of the mercantile middle class, standing for religious toleration, moderation of party strife, "and—dearest of all to the heart of Defoe—the expansion of English trade." Absolutely honest on all occasions Defoe was not, but these principles gave a core of inner consistency to even his most disingenuous shifts. Professor Sutherland makes no effort to deny or mitigate those respects in which Defoe's behavior will not bear defense, but he shows both those human excuses that the rigidly righteous will not understand and the deeper loyalty that sometimes appeared like betrayal. In an age of bitter controversy and partisan violence, Defoe, like Halifax, stood for moderation and reason, and like the great Trimmer he sometimes seemed disloyal because he would not give to party what was meant for mankind.

Professor Sutherland has written a sane, well balanced, sensible book lighted with sympathetic insight into both the age and the character of Defoe. To stand for the middle and lower classes in Defoe's time—the merchants, tradesmen, small shopkeepers and artisans—and to appeal to them, as Defoe did, was to stand with emergent forces, to be with the future. Defoe realized, and said again and again, "that the way to cure a trade depression was not to pay the laboring man as little as possible but as much as the industry would stand." He suggested to the persecuted dissenters that they use their economic power by withdrawing

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their money from the national bank and starting banks of their own. He proposed a European confederacy with the power of judging international disputes and thereby "banishing war out of Europe." The man who stood for the middle class under William and Anne and George I would not have stood with the Bourbons of business today, and his decent, energetic, moderate and warm-hearted spirit still speaks to us with a voice of courage.

EDGAR JOHNSON

Two in Fiction

Far from Cibola, by Paul Horgan. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.75.
Love, Here Is My Hat, by William Saroyan. New York: Modern Age Books. 25 cents.

THE HARPER PEOPLE could at least have mentioned that Horgan's very short novel is a reprint from "The American Caravan" of 1936, instead of sliding it over as a new book. It is a minor work beside "A Lamp on the Plains"; it merely takes the hard-up citizens of a Southwest farming town, examines them for their private mechanisms, shows them in an abortive mob action before the courthouse at noon, and follows them back into their homes and routine pursuits that evening. The action has been a sort of temporary release; directly or indirectly it has affected several lives. What we get from it is a small but typical fragment of American life in the thirties, a certain equipment for understanding.

Paul Horgan's style, here as elsewhere, should be recognized for more than its sustained cadence and its just enrichment of folk poetry ("Nona left her sofa and went to the cats, thinking the little one was cute's a crabapple"). There is in it that almost alchemic trick of calling up in a breath the scene, the mood of it or of people, morning and evening, kitchens, sheds, the town square; pride in simple skills, the dull anger against poverty and the years. In this he is apt to extend the image into something too tenuous for the best large effects, so that the reader lives in his world but finds it somehow trancelike and removed. But in this (not to mention his delight in the forms of life) he is one of the most sensitive and acute writers working today.

Mr. Saroyan is sensitive, in fact all over the place, but you would hardly call him acute. Shrewd he is, and when in top form a pleasure to read. But the fact that he can write better than most of the heavyweights, plus certain personal idiosyncrasies common to actors, politicians and public-address systems, has insulated Saroyan against the least suspicion that anything proceeding from Saroyan, from toe-nail clippings up, could be less than top form. But whether he is tiring or getting wiser, his collections have been getting steadier. "Three Times Three" had one of those dead-pan fantasies at which he can't be beat, "The Man with the Heart in the Highlands." And "Little Children" had a great deal of charming stuff in pictures of the daring young Western Union lad, no hands, plus "My Uncle and the Mexicans."

The new collection of stories you could almost call modest. I said almost. There are still traces of the Saroyan auto-intoxication with its inevitable give-away of the saddest of literary spectacles: the author who starts out to pull your leg oblivious of a sort of Boob McNutt lash-up whereby he has really got hold of his own. Love is infinitely more wonderful on the typewriter than in bed, everything is infinitely more everything and ah universe, ah art, ah London W C 2. Some of it, that is, is still Saroyan thinking thoughts at his typewriter. A bore, that is.

But I find an increasing amount of readable stuff, funny or real or just plain disrespectful, even in the deliberately goofy pieces—"Ever Fall in Love with a Midget?" and the title story. I would say "A Family of Three" is a clean, solid sketch of someone not Saroyan and that "The Genius" is very funny in a tongue-in-cheek sardonic way. "Jim Pemberton and His Boy Trigger" is the best in the book, another of those simple, fantastic and absurdly gay pieces to go along with the two about the Highlands and the Mexicans. So now in all one has at least three favorite stories by Saroyan, picture one's chagrin.

OTIS FERGUSON

Ezra Pound in Progress

Eleven New Cantos: XXXI to XLI, by Ezra Pound. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 56 pages. $1.50.
The Fifth Decad of Cantos, by Ezra Pound. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 46 pages. $1.50.

THE TWENTY-ONE CANTOS that Ezra Pound has published in America since 1933 are further instalments of a work in progress to be properly reviewed whenever and if ever the work is done. All reviews of the fifty-one Cantos to date have been inadequate and justly so; Mr. Pound has succeeded in annoying his adverse critics and making fools of those who rushed to praise him. This notice is to announce that more Cantos have arrived and that more may be expected to arrive within the next five years; and to date there seems to be no end of Cantos coming. Because their work is still incomplete there has been an air of mystery concerning the meaning or intention of the Cantos, and this false value has been considerably aided by Mr. Pound's abilities in showmanship. The "mystery" of the Cantos as they appear can reach a partial solution only by close attention to all that Mr. Pound has written in prose and verse, and since Mr. Pound is among the half-dozen vastly prolific writers of our time (for his letters should be collected as well as other prose), the task of understanding the meaning of each Canto as he writes it is far too great for most readers to accomplish.

I suggest that some few of the twenty-one Cantos be read for pleasure, others for speculation, others for the casual enjoyment of their wit. The pleasure may be derived from making a selection of ten magnificent Cantos from the fifty-one, each of its kind a proof that Mr. Pound has perfected his own verse form, a form as subtle, as flexible as the Spenserian stanza. A limited comparison of the Cantos to "The Faerie Queen" should not be profitless, for they contain the same evidence of an almost perfect translation of music into English speech. They contain the same love of archaic language and imagery which so delighted Spenser in his day and they contain also the same excursions into abstract thinking. Beyond these likenesses, all further analogy between the two unfinished poems be-

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comes ridiculous. Mr. Pound is not writing an allegory nor was Edmund Spenser concerned with the salvation of the world by means of Social Credit.

Another comparison of a different sort may be effected by placing the Cantos near John Skelton's "Phillip Sparrow." The limitations of the analogy are again quite clear, yet both poems were used as catch-alls for the range of a historical imagination, and both were written from the vantage point of Scholastic thinking. Mr. Pound's neo-Scholasticism is a horse of curious color, sired by American breeds and fed and watered by the pre- and early-Renaissance cultures of Southern Europe. Mr. Pound rejects the Renaissance as well as the cultures of democracy and has pinned his faith upon the emergence of a few strong men, men of art, men of action. His concepts are those of a Western pioneer who distrusts the city slicker, and this distrust is overlaid by the sophistication and attitudes of a Provençal poet at court swearing allegiance to his patrons. He embraces Mussolini with the same fear and passion with which the court poets served their overlords and he attacks the money-lenders in the same spirit in which the Western pioneer cut free from dominance of the urban landlord-banker-employer-industrialist. This concept of the world is less obscure than antiquated and it accounts for the difficulties Mr. Pound has encountered in making his propaganda for Social Credit intelligible to twentieth-century readers. And for this reason among others (including a lack of knowledge of how human beings live, think and are motivated within the conflicts of contemporary society), Mr. Pound's major work to date seems less significant than the work of his great contemporaries, James Joyce and Thomas Mann. And that is why so much of what he has to say seems "abstract" or unconcerned with the fate of twentieth-century humanity.

Meanwhile we have one fine Canto out of every ten, including the adaptation from Cavalcanti in "Eleven New Cantos" and Cantos XLV, XLVII and LI. As for the rest, we must wait until the entire series of Cantos is stopped short by Mr. Pound's death or have reached its end within his lifetime.

HORACE GREGORY

The Good Neighbors

America South, by Carleton Beals. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. 559 pages. $3.50.
Latin America: Its Place in World Life, by Samuel Guy Inman. Chicago: Willett, Clark and Company. 462 pages. $3.75.

CARLETON BEALS puts it rather well when he says that we are accustomed to pay more attention to a dog fight in Jugoslavia than to a first-class revolution in Latin America. Recent developments, nevertheless, such as the big peace conference at Buenos Aires, Mexico's bold social reforms and the victory of fascism in Brazil have been striking enough to make us at least mildly interested in our one hundred million neighbors to the south.

"Latin America" and "America South," both dealing approximately with the same material, are therefore timely and useful, especially since it is certain we shall soon witness even more spectacular events in those regions. Wisely taking nothing for granted, they go into the geography, the racial and historical background of Hispanic America, before taking up the highly complicated national and international problems that now confront this part of the world. Despite their limitations, they are on the whole good books. The authors are sympathetic toward the peoples of the south, their culture and their genuine accomplishments. They are also fully aware of Latin America's intense poverty and suffering, recognizing that a semi-feudal system of land tenure and foreign imperialism are largely to blame.

Dr. Inman, who has been called a "practising Christian in a cause as broad as humanity itself," has devoted the better part of thirty years to Hispanic America. His intimate contact with the southern nations has provided him with a wealth of first-hand knowledge, but a moralistic rather than scientific approach to his subject probably accounts for the errors, confusions and an inability to face certain disagreeable facts squarely which rob his book of much of its value. Dr. Inman, for example, is far too prone to speak of the southern temperament as an innate quality, to indulge in discredited theories about individualism and collectivism and to accept political propaganda uncritically.

Thus he outlines in considerable detail the official program of Brazil's fascist Integralistas, but offers no analysis of its extravagant demagogy and its real meaning. Again, though he seems to realize that the hysterical denunciations hurled by Latin American dictators against communism are a smoke screen behind which they hide their efforts to exterminate all democratic and liberal opposition, he himself falls victim to their deceit by misjudging and vastly overrating communist activity. In this respect, he commits an inexcusable error by referring to Futuro, monthly publication of the Confederation of Mexican Workers, as a Communist journal.

Mr. Beals, whose previous studies on Latin America Dr. Inman recommends as "hair-raising books," has a decidedly more realistic grasp of his material. "America South" is probably the best general summary of the subject now available. It is thoroughly documented, gives ample consideration to economic facts and approaches most of the problems affecting Latin America in a critical mood. Mr. Beals also has quite a flair for the spectacular and exotic, and thus alongside a withering analysis of the shams of official Pan Americanism or the underlying commercial motives of the Inter-American Peace Conference, we are apt to come across a juicy morsel of personal scandal during colonial times or a spicy sketch of the Cuban rumba danced in the nude.

Mr. Beals, however, remains primarily the hard-hitting debunker, performing an invaluable service but often not sufficiently aware of the mechanics of history to grasp the full meaning of events, to see the roots from which they grow and to sense their direction. Hence he practically ignores the trade-union movement, has not a word to say about the flourishing People's Front of Chile, fails to detect the extent and the significance of fascist developments in Brazil, though the Integralistas have been a major factor in Brazilian politics for at least two or three years, and occasionally he can even say things as absurd as that Peruvian *Aprismo* achieves "a synthesis of the doctrine and tactic of democracy, Marxian communism and Fascism."

MAURICE HALPERIN

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Features

and articles now current or soon to appear in THE *Nation include:*

"What Will British Labor Do to Change England's Foreign Policy?" by Harold Laski.

"How Long Can Germany Stand the Strain?"—an analysis of Reich economy by Alexander Vidakovic.

"Czechoslovakia: Stronghold of Democracy," a description by Heinrich Kranz of what the refugees have done for Prague.

"The Loyalist 'Shirtsleeve Generals,'" sketches by Leland Stowe.

"Columnists on Parade," a series of columns in which Margaret Marshall discusses in their own terms the most widely syndicated columnists, including Westbrook Pegler, Dorothy Thompson, Dale Carnegie, General Hugh Johnson, Walter Lippmann, and numerous others regarded as "Molders of Public Opinion."

"X-ray of Bruce Barton—the Man Everybody Knows," by Helen Woodward.

"Living Philosophies"

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The first of these essays will appear in THE NATION in the spring. That they will be of extraordinary interest to reflective readers is assured by the fact that the contributors will include Thomas Mann, Jules Romains, Lin Yutang, Ortega y Gasset, Jacques Maritain, John Strachey, Emil Ludwig and others of like distinction.

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Under this title, in 1931, Simon & Schuster published an imposing group of essays, many of which first appeared in THE FORUM, and the book symposium has enjoyed an enduring popularity. The success of the first volume has prompted the publishers to plan a second, to be edited by Clifton Fadiman, after the contributions have first appeared serially in THE NATION.

Return of a Native:

After a lapse of several years, Paul Y. Anderson has returned to THE NATION as its regular Washington correspondent. Mr. Anderson is celebrated alike for his ability to uncover important news, and for the lively style in which he presents it.

New Books: A Reader's List

THE 168 DAYS, by Joseph Alsop and Turner Catledge (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75). Two Washington correspondents cover the life span of the Supreme Court plan, from the time Roosevelt hatched it in private overconfidence to its conclusion in the exposé of Mr. Justice Black's connections. A detailed and well written account of what went on off-stage.

A MIRROR TO GENEVA: Its Growth, Grandeur and Decay, by George Slocombe (Holt, $3). Portrait sketches of the progenitors and friends of the League. A mirror whose shiny surface reflects little breath of life in the patient.

SOUND OF ROWLOCKS, by Wilbur Daniel Steele (Harpers, $2.50). A delicate love story, a psychopathic case history, and some authentic Cape Cod fog, hung on the framework of a murder mystery. Done skillfully, with a maximum of indirection and a minimum of excess wordage.

THE SECRET LETTERS OF THE LAST TSAR, edited by E. J. Bing (Longmans, $3.50). The private correspondence of Nicky and his doting mother, from 1879 to 1917. A revelation of the psychology of absolutism, with an occasional bright ray shed on the politics of pre-War Europe.

HOLY OLD MACKINAW: A Natural History of the American Lumberjack, by Stewart H. Holbrook (Macmillan, $2.50). The tribe of Paul Bunyan at work and play. A hundred years of lumbering from the Kennebec to Puget Sound, with some data on forest reserves, but without the real smell of sawdust.

YOUTH IN THE TOILS, by Leonard V. Harrison and Pryor McNeill Grant (Macmillan, $1.50). Why so many minors become criminals, and what to do about the matter. An intelligent and sympathetic survey of the problem in New York City, with recommendations for the proper investigation and rehabilitation of young offenders.

BEGGARS' REVOLT, by Maurits Dekker (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). The growth of revolt in the Netherlands against Spain and the Inquisition shown from three points of view: rulers', merchants' and peasants'. Soberly written, though not dull, with principal emphasis upon analysis rather than story.

PAINT AND PREJUDICE, by C. R. W. Nevinson (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). A brilliant autobiography by one of the most interesting modern English painters, a man who painted the War honestly and fought the Bloomsbury crowd during the twenties. Reproductions of the artist's work.

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH, by S. A. Spencer (Doubleday, Doran, $3.95). A brief but exciting history of American capitalism from laissez-faire liberalism to the Great Depression. Combines a vivid, high-voltage prose and the cinema technique of contrasted photos, captions and charts. 120 full-page illustrations.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LONDON LIFE, by Rosamond Bayne-Powell (Dutton, $3.75). A remarkably vivid and detailed picture of an interesting period and its personalities. How people dressed, what games they played; funerals, duels, elopements; the luxury of the aristocrats, the money-grubbing industry of the tradesmen and the frightful poverty of the poor.

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Contributors

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT was an infantry officer with the British forces in the World War and a Captain and Major in the United States Military Intelligence Reserve between 1922 and 1930. He is a lecturer and military critic, and the co-author, with R. Ernest Dupuy, of "If War Comes."

LEE COLLER has been engaged in journalism in New York, New Orleans and San Francisco and has edited the monthly magazine, The New South. She is in New York City at present at work on a book.

LEONARD LUDWIN recently returned from two years of travel and study in the Far East, including Mongolia.

MARTIN BAKER's short story in this issue is his first published work. He is twenty-five years old, went to Yale for a year and a half and has since tried his hand at an assortment of a dozen different jobs.

CONRAD PENDLETON was born on Kickinghorse Flat in Oregon and has worked most of his life as a cowhand, sheep-herder or store clerk. He is finishing a novel about Oregon soil and its people.

EDGAR JOHNSON's study of biography during the past four centuries, "One Mighty Torrent: The Drama of Biography," was published last year by Stackpole Sons.

HORACE GREGORY is the author of several volumes of verse and editor of a symposium, "New Letters in America," published last fall. He is a member of the English faculty at Sarah Lawrence College.

MAURICE HALPERIN, a professor of Romance Languages at the University of Oklahoma, is writing a book about Mexico. He has recently published articles on this subject in The New Republic and Current History.

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